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NO HALF-WAY DOIN'S.

BY ERWIN RUSSELL.

Belubbed fellow trabelers! I's holdin' forth to-day;
I doesn't quote no special varse for what I hab to say;
De sarmon will be bery short, an' dis yer am de tex'
Dat half-way doin's a'nt no' count for dis worl' or de nex'

Dis worl' dat wo's a libbin in is like de cotton row
Whar every culled gentleman has got him line to hoe;
An' ebery time a lazy niggah stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a growin' for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a goin' jes' as fas' as fas' could be;
Do you s'pose dat dey could eber hab succeeded in their wish,
An' reached de Promis' Lan' at las', ef dey had stopped to fish?

My frien's, dar was a garden once, whar Adam libed wid Ebe,
Wid no one 'roun' to bodderdem, no neighbors for to t'leve,
An' ebery day was Christmas, an' dey got rashuns free,
An' eberyt'hing belonged to dem 'cept 'jus' one apple tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake came swoopin' roun'—
A stump-tail rusty moccasin, a-crawlin on de groun'—
How Ebe an' Adam eat de fruit, an' went an' hid dar face
Till the angel obersoer he came and druv 'em off de place.

Now s'pose dat man an' 'ooman hadn't tempted for to shirk,
But had gone 'bout deir gardenin' and tended to dar work,
Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' whar dey had no business to,
An' de debbil'd never got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's brodren! It'll never do, I say!
Go at your task an' finish it, an' den's de time to play—
For eben ef de crap is good, de rain 'll spile de bolls
Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls;

Keep a plowin', and a hoein' an' a scrapin' ob de rows,
An' when de ginnin's, ober, you can pay up what you owes;
But if you quits a workin' ebery time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebby upon eberyt'ing you's got.

Whatsober 'tis you's dribin' at, be shore an' dribe it throo,
An' don't let nuffin stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a niggah foolin', den as shore's you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out do small end ob de horn.

I t'ank you for de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon—
Sister Williams will obleege us by a raisin ob a tune—
I see dat Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass aroun' de hat,
Now don't lets hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dot!

"THROUGH FLOOD—THROUGH FIRE."

"I assure you, my dear boy, I am extremely sorry to appear unkind in this matter; but, believe me, I am acting for the best."

"But surely I may see Rosie as usual?" I asked.

"I am afraid not," replied Mr. Temple. "It would be very injudicious. You are both too young and too romantic at present. Besides, your means are utterly inadequate to maintain a wife."

"May I not bid Rosie good-bye, then?" I persisted. "One more meeting cannot hurt either of us!"

"Rosie is not at home," replied his father gently, almost sympathetically, as he shook me by the hand. "She went to stay with some friends yesterday. Good night; and hope for better days."

"Good night," I replied. "I suppose you don't mean to be unkind, Mr. Temple; but you have made me very miserable."

"My dear young friend," he replied, putting his hand kindly on my shoulder, "were you in a position to maintain a wife, I would sanction your engagement in time; but now such a course, though painful for us all, is the only one Mrs. Temple and I can in justice adopt. We shall be pleased to see you again after our return from the Continent. Good night."

I made no reply—indeed, I could not have spoken just then. My throat was choked with tears, and big drops welled slowly from my eyes as I walked away across the open space facing the house. This was to be the termination of our engagement, then! Rosie Temple and I had flattered ourselves that a series of dances, picnics and charade parties, with a very good knowledge of lawn tennis and croquet, constituted housekeeping. We had only £300 a year between us, and dear Rose always spent £40 at least on her dress annually. She had lately been very economical in the matter of gloves, and had made herself a bonnet which was in every sense becoming; still, we were not much nearer to matrimony then; and now—

So I pursued my way across the common, and I did not mind confessing that I shed tears as I walked in that dark evening beneath the trees and into the gloomy and desolate high road, caring for nothing and for nobody except Rosie, my pretty *piquante* Rose; wondering whither she had gone—or had she really gone. Was it not a pardonable subterfuge on the part of Mr. Temple to induce me to leave the neighborhood?

At that time I had, unfortunately, no occupation. I had been a clerk in a banking-house, but the "bad times" had necessitated a reduction in the "staff," and I was one of those sent away at a month's notice and a month's salary. True, I had a small income derivable from a legacy, but this was scarcely enough to keep me in bread and cheese and clothing.

It will therefore be seen that Mr. Temple was quite right. Matrimony was a luxury I could not afford. I acknowledged it even then, as I went home desponding.

When I reached my lodgings I found two letters awaiting me. One was from my brother, who was commanding a detachment of his regiment in Ireland, the other was from my late father's solicitor. I opened the "official" note first.

It contained only a few lines, requested me to call on him in London in a day or two, as perhaps I might be able to do some work for the good-natured lawyer.

The other letter was most cheerful, and bore a warm invitation to share my brother's country quarters for a fortnight, "or longer if I liked," next month.

Before I went to bed I replied to both my kind correspondents, accepting both invitations.

Next day I went up to London, and in the afternoon I called upon the solicitor, nervously.

His business was simple. Did I know French? I did. Was I acquainted with book-keeping? I was.

"Well, then," said he, "will you go to Geneva, and transact this business, particulars of which I will give you to-morrow? You shall be paid as my clerk, and have your expenses and something besides."

"Agreed," I said gladly; "I will go. When am I to set out?"

"As soon as you can get ready. If you do this well I think I can help you to something better."

I wrung his hand and left him, took the first train home, packed up, and next morning at eleven o'clock was at the office in London again. I wrote to my brother telling him the facts, mastered my instructions, and next morning I was in Paris.

I found the business at Geneva much more complicated than I expected. It was a liquidation case. Day after day passed; the days ran into weeks, and at last, after six weeks' hard work and a run to Chamouni, I was on my way home again.

"Well done!" was the verdict passed upon my efforts, and was very welcome, accompanied as it was with a check for 50 guineas.

"Call on me when I return to town," said my friend, "in about five weeks' time, and I will tell you something I think you will be glad to hear."

My thoughts immediately flew to Rosie. Not that I had by any means forgotten her; but now I was idle again I felt even more dejected than ever. Liquation cases are not romantic!

I was now at liberty to join my brother. I telegraphed at once, and at eleven o'clock that evening I was knocked up to take in the reply.

It was short and to the point. It ran thus—"Come along, old fellow; stay as long as you like."

I went. I lived with the detachment; and what fun we had! Fishing in a fine river close by; cricket; a little shooting, for September was upon us now; rowing up and down the stream, and dining with the hospitable Irish residents, made up the total of our days after parade or inspection.

One guest night—for we had our little social parties occasionally—we were sitting at the open windows, when the sub. of the party exclaimed—

"What a glare there is yonder! It is a fire, I believe."

"Bedad, you're right!" said one of our guests. "It is down by Sir John's; he has a house full. I hope it is not the house itself."

"Shall I turn out the picket?" asked my brother. "Why, look, it is increasing; they may want assistance."

"As he spoke the flames mounted up and the lurid smoke rose high into the glare above.

"Sound the fire-call and turn out the pickets, Hamblyn," said my brother. "Take the men down at at the double. We will drive over. Come along. Look sharp!"

I hurried out for a coat to cover my dress clothes. Of course, being in a hurry, I was delayed. In the dark I groped unsuccessfully and at length when I crossed from my room I found that the others had driven off in the cars our guests had come over in.

The sentry at the gate civilly "shouldered" his rifle as I passed, and in reply to my question told me that the captain and the whole party had gone, leaving word for me to follow, if I liked.

Yes; but how? "They've taken all the cars, sentry."

"Yes, sir, but there is the gig, sir."

"Whose gig?"

"The boat, sir. You can scull down almost as quick as they will drive, yer honor."

"Good!" I would pull down. It was not far; the moon was still bright. I knew the river pretty well.

No sooner thought than done. A soldier from the guard room came across, and helped me to launch the gig.

That is a big fire, sir; they do say it is at the Hall below. Poor creatures! I hope they will all escape. All right, sir?"

I replied in the affirmative. He let go the painter, and with two vigorous strokes of the light sculls I was in the stream. Fortunately I knew almost every turn and bend of the fine river, or I should have more than once had a very narrow escape, if I had not been quickly upset. Urged by a reckless daring, I sculled rapidly on alone.

Alone, all but for the company of two good planks. Whence came they, and whither they were bound, I did not think; but I noticed they kept close to me—now swirling away, now in the dim light meeting, then dividing, turning round, separating themselves, and soon enclosing my sculls, so as to impede my way and endanger my safety. They hugged me so closely at last that I lay on my oars, and clutching the intrusive boards pulled them into the boat, where, under the thwarts, they exchanged dripping confidences as to what they would do next. What they did shall be told in due course.

"Such great effects from trivial causes spring."

The blazing house was now almost visible. The reflection was caught by the water just beyond me. On I scudded round the bend of the bank, the stream hurrying me down, and now I have opened up the town reach, and the burning and half demolished building is cracking and roaring half a mile off. The smoke dotted with a million sparks, flies up to heaven, while screams and cries and the roar of falling timbers ascend with them to the lurid sky. Those tiny jets of water only serve to aggravate the thirst in that fiery throat, and not to quench it; no man can live near such a fire as that; the heat even in my gig was soon felt distinctly, and the two planks beneath my feet winked to each other in the glare, and glistened side by side at the thought of what was coming.

A yell, a roar! Four people had got upon the crumbling parapet, some feet above the stable roofs, and were crying and shrieking for assistance. Twenty men at once rushed in to offer robes and help. What could they do? The unhappy inmates, clad in evening dress, looked weird and unearthly in the fiery glare. One was a lady, three were men. Taking off their coats, they knotted them by the sleeves, and let down the lady to the lower roof in safety. Such a cheer arose for this. Well done, brave men, well done! British chivalry is not yet dead when Englishmen and Irishmen can act like this. I watched and waited; pulling in the heat was great. I pulled away to the opposite wing, abutting on the river, now almost wholly clad in flame and smoke, but still itself unburned.

What is that? Can it be a man or woman kneeling there, and unobserved amid the shrouding smoke by all the rest, who are gazing at the gallant men around the stables? The soldiers had arrived and were doing good service; but no one else perceived the solitary form wrapped in an ulster coat, and trembling on the wall above the river.

Not a moment was to be lost. I pulled in hastily.

"Leap," I shouted, "leap!" As I spoke I rose up in the boat. The planks winked once more and rattled. "Jump!" I yelled in my excitement.

One look to heaven—a glance down to the swiftly running river, and the person I addressed leaped feet first. Unthinkingly, I moved suddenly; the light gig rocked. In vain I attempted to recover my balance; the boat tipped over, and I fell headlong into the water, now covered with debris.

The two planks started after me together from beneath the thwarts.

I sank; and as I did so I thought of Rosie, and made up my mind to die, if I must; but I struggled manfully for life the while.

When one is unwillingly under water the brain seems to become busier than at all other times. I know not why, but in that half minute or so that I was underneath I saw many acts of my life. Circumstances looked, from my mental point of view, very different from what they had to my bodily eyes. I had plenty of time to repent of my rashness, to utter a prayer, and to forgive my enemies; and then I struggled, knocked my head, half sank again, put out my right arm and grasped something. It was a plank.

Seeing a body rising up close by, I raised the head. The person I had tried to save was sensible, evidently.

I was delighted to find that he too was floating on a plank, the twin supporter of my arm; and how those good friends tossed about, and drove up against each other in sheer dilight, as we all floated away fast down stream together, baffles description.

I impelled my plank towards the other and, no doubt aided by that wonderous law of attraction and sympathy which exists even in wood, I succeeded in getting close to my companion. Leaning my army upon the trusty plank, I managed to support the form near me, but all this time we neither of us spoke a word, nor could we discern each other's feature. The fast subsiding fire was far behind us now.

Th steady planks kept floating with us towards the bank, but I was not very anxious to go ashore just then, as the river sices were steep, and certain curling eddies did not look attractive.

The moon had been obscured by heavy clouds; but we could discern the stones which here and there rose up from out the water, from a shoal in mid-stream. We should soon be in safety. The planks apparently thought otherwise. They bobbed about, and grew very impatient to reach the shore.

There's distant thunder! A storm is coming up. No it must be train passing the bridge above. No; the noise increases! the sound is borne continuous on the wind. The planks got very restless now. The banks even come closter to us, but the stream ran all the faster. The noise was getting louder every minute.

I knew what it was at last. I knew too well. It was the Mill Weir!

If the sluice were open to the huge overshot wheel our doom was sealed. Nothing much short of a miracle could save us. Striking out for the bank, I called to my companion to do the same, but encumbered with the ulster coat his progress was not great.

We would find footing on the lasher probably; the eddy would assist us.

We floated round the turn in the stream. The wheel was revolving. I could plainly hear the splash, splash of its monotonous clank and dash; the water dripped and ran away from the grinding woodwork, and gladly escaped beneath to save being crushed to air on the top of those mighty paddles.

We had two channels to choose from—one over the weir, the other beneath the wheel. The suction to the latter was tremendous. I swam strongly for the former. I reached the slippery piles and caught them. A bright light was burning in a small-window in the mill, twenty yards or so away. We were in an eddy for a moment. I called out loudly. A head was put out; I yelled again. The plank whereon I lay slipped from beneath me, rose up again, and carried me headlong down the foaming lasher like an arrow from a bow, while my companion was wrenched away and darted for the wheel. A loud cry escaped me as we parted. All was was over now. Death at last. "Oh, Rosie! my darling Rosie; till we meet in heaven—farewell!" I had time to think so much—no more.

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"He's all right; don't you lubbers keep around like that; sheer off, can't yet? Let a chap have a mouthful of air! Hurrah, yer sowls! he's breathin'!"

He was. It was I. But how weak, how very ill, mentally and bodily, I felt when I awoke again to life and asked for "Rosie!"

"Sure he's wanderin' in his mind, so he is, Dinny, run up and tell the captain the gintleman's alive. Hurry now!"

I remember nothing more until I found myself in barracks, in my brother's quarters. Then I suppose I fell asleep. But when I again awoke to consciousness, they told me in muffled tones that I had only just pulled through brain fever, and had been in bed nearly five weeks.

Five weeks! I was due in London! I told the doctor so, or somebody spoke for me—at least, the voice was not like my own.

"Indeed, then it's out o' this ye don't stir, my lad, lawyers or no lawyers. Quiet now, or I'll give ye a composer, and send ye to sleep for another month!"

I submitted, and got better. In a fortnight I was down again in the ante-room, where I was welcomed as a "hero of romance." The good-natured quizzing and congratulations on my recovery were incessant. At last, noticing my puzzled look; my brother said—

"Perhaps he hasn't heard the real facts—have you, H—?"

"I have not the very slightest idea what you all talking about," I replied. "If it's a joke, I don't see it."

"Now look, here she is again! Lucky fellow!"

"Not a day but what she rides over to inquire."

"Her father' here, too."

"Tell them to come in, Hamblyn, and see the preserver of the 'sole daughter of his house and heart.'"

I heard, but scarcely heeded, all this "chaff."

The door opened; a lady in well-fitting habit appeared. Mechanically I rose as she came in, I looked at her for one brief second, the next I had clasped her in my arms.

"Rosie, my darling Rosie, can it be you, indeed?"

No doubt about it. She had come to thank me. For what? For saving her life that night when Sir John Carney's house was burned.

It was Rosie I had rescued, then. No wonder my heart had beat so fast while we floated down the stream.

Rosie was my own at last. She is mine still, thank Heaven!

Very little explanation is necessary. Mrs. Temple and her daughter had been paying a round of visits, and while staying at Sir John Carney's house the fire had broken out. Rosie had been my companion during the twenty minutes in the water. Wrapped up as she was and silent as we both were, we did not recognize each other in the dark. The miller had stopped the wheel and pulled Rosie out of the eddie just in time.

For a day or two Rosie had been quite unable to give an account of her rescue from the fire; and when her father arrived, in obedience to a telegram, he learned at the barracks—where he had called with Sir John to thank the commanding officer for his timely assistance—that his daughter's preserver was myself.

The reader will almost guess the sequel. Soon after my return to London I was appointed secretary of a nice little company, with a nice little salary, and work to match, all through the influence of the good solicitor. This employment left me leisure for other work which I was lucky enough to obtain, and my success emboldened me to ask for Rosie once more.

This time I was not refused. We were married the year following; and now, when we wander "over hill, over dale" we often recall how we struggled together for life that memorable night "through flood—through fire."

A "POOR UNFORTUNATE,"

Who Nevertheless Conquered Fortune.

"Poor unfortunate!"

That is what everybody said when they saw little Tim Gale waddle by, with legs only half the "regulation length," and a head much too big for his body.

Every outward evil that could befall a child seemed to have fallen upon Tim. The scarlet fever had dulled his hearing, and the measles had weakened his sight; the only case of small-pox that ever occurred in the town broke out upon Tim, and left him, as a pitying little sister said, "with his face embroidered all over." Many a tear had his mother shed over her poor unfortunate son as she compared him with his brothers, and her neighbor's handsome boys. Anxiously she looked out upon the dark future, when she and his father should be no longer living to care for and to love him.

But happily, all Tim's deformities were outward; his heart was as pure as a baby's, and his temper as a gentle lamb's. He was often seen sitting on a rough bench at the cottage door, making kites, birch-bark whistles, cornstalk fiddles and wind-mills for the children, who always gathered around him. In the evening he was in the habit of cutting soldiers, animals, buildings and villages, out of paper, or drawing monograms for the bigs boys and girls.

Tim was a genius in his way. He could make music on anything that would give out a sound. Even that abomination to musical ears, the accordeon, gave out a "concord of sweet sounds" in his hands. He breathed melody from a jew's-harp, and his performance on borrowed flutes, violins and banjos astonished all who heard them.

When he was fifteen years old, his father fell from a hay-mow and died soon after. Almost his last words to his family were, "Mother and all of you take good care of Tim." Through their tears they promised come what might, Tim should be cared for. The father had been the main dependence of the family, though the eldest son earned a little by working for a neighboring farmer. Mrs. Gale had $200 in the bank, but that soon went, and then, to feed and clothe her children, she was obliged to mortgage her little farm. She worked very hard and, not being strong, her health soon gave way. Two years from the time of their father's death, the children were again called on to promise to their dying mother that they would "always take good care of poor, dear Tim."

What was to be done now? Abel, the eldest son, could barely support himself, and there were, besides Tim, four children to care for. The neighbors had begun to whisper of the poor house, and of "binding out" the children, when, one evening, Tim waddled into the parsonage and asked to see the minister.

"I want to give a concert at the town hall, sir, to raise a little money," he said. "Abel and I don't want to mortgage the farm any more."

"But, Tim, my good boy," said the clergyman, "people who can hear you sing and play for nothing won't go to your concert if they have to pay."

"I'll only charge 10 cents admission, sir, and they don't know what I play and sing when everybody in town is asleep. I can play six instruments. One man in the Boston band that was here at the monument dedication, said I'd make a first rate bugler if I kept trying."

"Come, then," said the kind minister, "we'll go out together, and engage the hall and order the tickets. I'll buy fifty to start with."

"Tim's eyes brightened, as he said, "I'll do something if I can only get a start."

The hall was secured free of charge. The girls in town, glad to return Tim's many favors, dressed the hall with flowers, flags and plants. Every boy became an enthusiastic ticket seller, and every grown-up person a ticket buyer. Abel received the tickets and money at the door, while the minister's, the doctor's and the lawmaker's sons acted as ushers,—to give character to the affair. The people crowded in so that the doors had to be closed, and a repetition of the concert promised.

It seemed as if every blooming plant and every vase in the region was on the platform. There was a hush as poor Tim dressed in his Sunday clothes, and with his hand, made a low bow to the audience. Instead of beginning his little speech with "Ladies and gentlemen," he said:—

"Dear fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters." Then he told how he had prayed God to teach him some way to support the family. He was too weak, he said, to work hard with his hands, but thought he might earn something by giving musical entertainments. The women and girls began to rye, and the boys clapped, and stamped, and cried:—

"Good!—good for Timmy!"

After his little speech, he played airs, with variations, and many of the listeners whispered, "He caught those from hearing Miss Webb." She was the organist and music-teacher.

Then he sang, in low and plaintive tones, to the accompaniment of a banjo, those negro melodies which always touch the heart. He played soothing airs on the flute, and martial music on the horn, and stirred up the noisy patriotism of the boys to the annoyance of their elders, by a spirited playing of "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia."

But they were quiet enough when he faintly breathed from the flute "The Sad Sea Waves" and "The Last Rose of Summer."

There was one audience which filled the town hall, and another which crowded every window from the outside. Their voices were heard again and again cheering the musician.

The concert, which was a great success, was honestly repeated the next night for the benefit of disappointed ticket holders. Tim was not the only proud person that evening, even if he did walk home with his happy brothers and sisters, and heard the jingling of $28 in silver and copper in Abel's five pockets. Everybody was proud,—proud that the boy who had never taken a lesson, and could play such music, belonged to their town, and that he had said he would work but not beg.

Tim's concert became the talk of the neighboring towns, and a dozen places invited him to repeat it. He added to his attractiveness as a caterer for the public by getting up an elaborate exhibition of his powers of ventriloquism, which had been so popular among his playmates. These he called "Children's Entertainments."

Very soon the music teacher of the village volunteered to give him lessons. A maiden lady, whose fingers were so drawn up with rheumatism that she could not play, lent him "the piano of her childhood," a small instrument with six octaves, and legs no larger than a man's thumb! An old gentleman in town, whose lungs only furnished him with breath just sufficient to live by, gave him a silver-mouth flute.

Tim practiced with great zeal and industry, and, in the meanwhile, gave concerts all through the country. The second winter he was able to get 25 cents for his tickets, and found great demand for his "Children's Entertainments," or exhibitions of ventriloquism.

While Tim was thus showing himself a "bread-provider," his sisters were doing their part in taking care of the home. They did housework, and those humbler neighbors, who could not lend flowers, flags or pianos, nor sell tickets, often volunteered to sew, wash and bake for the children. In this way they got on very well.

And so the years flew on, Tim improving his gifts, and bearing a large proportion of the family expenses. Abel married a feeble girl,—that's just the way some folks without a cent will do—and soon had all he could attend to in his own home.

But the fact that his sisters had been kept from school to do the housework, and the little boys put out to weed gardens and feed pigs, annoyed Tim. The children must go to school, said Tim. He had an old great-aunt, a homeless woman, and he gave her a home that she might look after matters for them,—a greater blessing to her than to them.

Nothing succeeds so well as success. Tim's reputation brought him a score of applications from young men and maidens anxious to be taught by such a musical genius. Not a few hoped that having Tim for a teacher would impart to them a portion of his inspiration. "He'd just breathe it into them, and they couldn't help playing." They found out their mistake. Tim made his pupils work. He taught them that a genius for music, like a genius for anything else, was a capacity for acquiring it through study and practice. His pupils soon occupied all his time, and he gave up his "concerts" and "entertainments," except an occasional exhibition, to let the public see what good work he was doing.

Success did not spoil the man. The noble traits he displayed while only "poor Tim" continued to shine forth when he was Mr. "Timothy Gale." As he gained in wealth, the old auntie and his brothers and sisters gained in home comforts. He shared freely.

Abel, who had rather selfishly slipped his neck from the family yoke to put it under a heavier burden, was obliged to call on his brother. His calls were frequent, but Tim always responded to them. "Abel is not strong," he would say, "and his wife is weaker still, and they have many mouths to provide for. It's not strange he falls behind-hand."

The townsmen still continue proud of their "musical genius." In fact, they consider that he belongs to them, and forms an essential part of their village's attractions. They never tire of pointing him out to summer boarders, and telling the history of his life. Even Capt. Coffin, the richest and roughest man in the town,—the captain has sailed around the world half a dozen times, and thinks he knows all that is worth knowing,—will stop in the street to shake hands with Tim.

"Who is that poor unfortunate I saw you shaking hands with just now?" airily asked a city merchant, whose family were boarding in the village for the summer, of the captain.

"That's Tim Gale. He's not as handsome as a picter, but he's the smartest man in town, and we've got some as smart as any of your Boston folks. He's an example to both of us, sir," continued the captain, hesitatingly, as he saw the merchant smile incredulously, as whether the occasion would not justify the breaking of his promise to his good Christian wife not to swear; for nothing riled the captain so much as to have any one fail in appreciation of Tim.

But the captain never broke his word. "The man" he used to say, "whose word ain't good holding-ground ought to be given a wide berth by all honest craft." So he talked on without an oath, but so loudly that the loungers in the village store came out on the platform to see who the captain was "keel-hauling."

"Tim Gale's on the quarter-deck now, sir, and he didn't come through the cabin windows, either, like so many other folks now-a-days." The merchant had inherited the most of his fortune. "His hands are as white as yours now, but he's had them in the tar-bucket many a day, and done some right smart jobs of 'tarring down.' You ought to get him to tell the story of his life to your boys; 'twould do 'em good, and your girls, too, for that matter. Folks used to call him 'poor Tim,' but now they call him 'Mr. Gale,' and touch their hats to him. He's the patron of his own family and a patron to all our boys. Good morning, sir."

And the captain walked away, leaving the merchant musing at the "poor unfortunate."

SOME POETRY.

He wandered through Oil City's streets,
And eke the ways of Titusville,
And pondered o'er the vast receipts
Of kerosene from vale and hill.

Anon he gazed upon a Nile
Of different flow in clime less keen;
And yet the Yankee, with a smile,
Said grimly, "Wal, 'tis Cairo-seen."

WORTH KNOWING.

That fish may be scaled much easier by first dipping into boiling water about a minute.

That salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

That milk which has turned or changed may be sweetened or rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

That milk can be kept sweet by adding to it a very small quantity of borax.

That salt will curdle new milk; hence in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

That a tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will greatly aid the whitening process.

That boiling starch is much improved by the addition of sperm, or salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved.

That blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportion, and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing bug remedy and that coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log house.

That kerosene will soften boots or shoes that have been hardened by water, and will render them pliable as new.

That kerosene will make your tea-kettle as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from the clean varnished furniture.

That cold rain water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for the purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.—*Rural World.*

An old darkey who was asked if, in his experience, prayer was ever answered, replied: "Well, sah, some pra'rs is ansud and some isn't—'pends on w'at you axes fo'; jest arter de wah, we'en it was mighty hard scratchin' fo' de cullud breddeu, I 'bsarved dat w'enebber I pway de Lo'd to sen' one o' Marse Peyton's fat turkeys fo' de ole man, dat no notice took ob de partition; but we'en I pway dat he would sen' de ole man fo' de turkey, de matter was 'tended to befo' sun up nex' mornin', dead sartin."

SHERE ALI.

Personal Traits and Acquirements.

I first met Shere Ali, the present Ameer of Cabul, in March, 1860. He was then about fifty years of age, of middle stature, with marked aquiline features, and with a fine, soldierly bearing. Shere Ali struck me as a man of remarkably good common sense, and his powers of conversation were very great. During his stay at Peshawur, both on his way to Umballa, and on his return to Cabul, he held daily levees and spent most of his time in friendly interviews with the Europeans and natives who visited him. In his lengthened conversation with European visitors (with whom he always took tea), he evinced a very correct acquaintance with the leading facts of European history. This was all the more notable because he was unable to read or write, and had acquired his information from conversation with those of his attendants who were able to read; and a special clerk acquainted with English has always been kept at Cabul to translate articles and telegrams from the Indian newspapers. I found he knew much of the history of Napoleon the First, Peter the Great, Alexander, and even Alfred the Great. His favorite character was Napoleon, and on no account would he yield the palm to our Wellington.

His sense of humor was very great. "I know I am a savage," he said one day, "but you English were just as bad 300 years ago!" Once when he was unusually talkative, he said, "How dreadfully afraid you English are of the Russians!" "Not in the least," I replied; "we shall be excellent neighbors some day!" "Ah," he said, "if you were not afraid of the Russians, you would not make so much of me." He affected not to be impressed with the beauty of English ladies, and several times remarked, as he passed them, "Ah! I see you keep all your pretty women at home!" He frequently expressed his abhorrence of low-necked dresses and short-tailed coats, and said such advances in the scale of civilization were contrary to his religion, for they were forbidden by the prophet! He professed to be a devout and pious Moslem, but numerous empty bottles told of frequent departures from the strict injunctions of his religion, and when at Jalandar, where he was received in the most friendly manner by Sir D. Forsyth, he did not hesitate to suggest that cherry brandy was much more suited to his taste when served in tumblers than in small liquor glasses.

The Ameer's youngest son, Abdullah Jan, was with him, and appeared to be a youth of some promise—he was then about 12 years of age. He could read and write Persian, and was then learning English. The Ameer often spoke of his eldest son, Yakoob, in terms of admiration, and told me he was a very fair English scholar, and a fine soldier. The Ameer generally spoke Persian, but to the Afghan villager and hillmen he spoke Pushtu; he could also make himself understood in Hindustani, and could give the military words of command in English. He has had the reputation of being an author, for a book against Wahhabyism bears his name, but it was written by a Moulvie in the name of the Ameer of Cabul. He always seems much interested in the manner and customs of the English people, and conversed for hours on subjects, connected with our national and domestic life. When in India he bought up all the second-hand uniforms of European officers he could lay his hands on, for the use of his staff, and he also purchased rather an extensive English wardrobe for himself. He said the European dress was the dress for soldiers, and the Oriental dress for women and priests. When asked by Lord Mayo how he liked the dress of the Highland regiments, he said it was "terrific," but "was it decent?"—*Correspondence London Journal.*

THE PRICE OF CORN.—"No," the honest farmer remarked, in tones of the deepest dejection, "the big crops don't do us a bit of good. What's the use? Corn only thirty cents. Everybody and everything's dead set agin the farmer. Only thirty cents for corn! Why, by gum, it won't pay our taxes, let alone buy us clothes. It won't buy us enough salt to put up a barrel of pork. Corn only thirty cents! By joks, its a livin', cold-blooded swindle on the farmer, that's what it is. It ain't worth raisin' corn for such a price as that. It's a mean, low robbery." Within the next ten days that man had sold so much more of his corn than he had intended, that he found he had to buy corn to feed through the winter with. The price nearly knocked him down. "What!!" he yelled. "*thirty cents for corn!* Land alive—*thirty cents!* What are you givin' us? Why, I don't want to buy your farm, I only want some corn! Thirty cents for corn! Why, I believe there's nobody left in this world but a set of graspin', blood-suckin' old misers. Why, good land, you don't want to be able to buy a national bank with one corn crop! Thirty cents for corn! Well, I'll let my cattle an' horses run on corn stalks all winter before I'll pay any such an unheard of outrageous price for corn as that. Why, the country's flooded with corn, and thirty cents a bushel is blamed robbery an' I don't see how any man, lookin' at the crop we've had, can have the face to ask such a price." *Burlington Hawkeye.*

One of the most interesting, newsy, and witty of Washington letter writers is Mr. Ben Perley Poore, the correspondent of the Boston *Journal*. In a recent communication he gives the following fresh anecdote of President Lincoln: "The pertinacity with which offices are sought here was very annoying to 'Old Abe.' One day a clerk in the War Department, who had been sent previously on errands to the White House availed himself of the opportunity to ask a place in the Treasury Department for a brother who had been in a District Volunteer regiment for thirty days, 'Has your brother as good clerical capacity as yourself?' inquired Mr. Lincoln. 'Yes, sir.' 'I think your father also holds an office.' 'Yes, sir; he is chief of the division of the War Department in which I am a clerk.' 'And haven't you another brother who is a clerk?' 'Yes, sir; he is in the Department of the Interior.' 'Ah!' continued Mr. Lincoln 'three of one family already in office, and now you want to get a fourth in. Why, as we say out in Sangamon county, Illinois, there are too many hogs and too little corn.' The young man didn't wait for more elaborated explanations."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Ninety-six murderers were hung in the United States during 1878, of whom seventy per cent, were in the Southern States and nearly two-thirds of the victims were blacks. Of the whole ninety-six, 40 were white, 52 colored, 2 Indians and one a Chinaman; 5 were hanged for outrage, 4 for wife murder, and 1 for filicide. In the list of States Texas comes first, with 10; Louisiana, 9; South Carolina, 8; Alabama, 8; North Carolina, 8; Pennsylvania, 6; Missouri 5; Georgia, 5; Arkansas, 4; Tennessee, 4; California, 4; New York, 3; Kentucky, Montana, Delaware, Virginia, Ohio, Maryland and Mississippi, each 2; Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Indiana, Nevada and Arazona, each 1. In the States of Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnsota, Nebraska, New Jersey, Oregon, Rhode Island, Vermont, West Virginia and Wisconsin none were hung.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A high sickle—the moon.

A bad habit—a decayed ulster.

It is a good artist who can draw pay.

A lumber dealer failed last week—could not pay his board bills.

Because a baby is born in the Winter is not a sign that it's snow baller.

The firemen go to a deal of trouble in putting out a fire, when it has already broken out.

It is considered quite proper to call your wife "Birdie," because she is always associated with a bill.

Joaquin Miller is accused of stealing a poem entitled "Janette's Hair." Is this a dodge to have "Janette's hair" red?

"How do you make a Maltese cross?" was the question before the institute. And one of the school-marms answered: "Tread on her tail."

A man in this town froze the bottom of his feet lately, and as he held them to the stove he remarked, "Two soles with but a single thaw out."

"George, dear, don't you think it's rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No, love, economical; same piece of bread does for both."

It is announced that Huxley is about to deliver a new course of lectures adducing fresh proof that mankind originally had tails. They will prove an interesting sequel to the Caudal lectures.

A young lady said to her lover, "Charley how far is it around the world?" "About twenty-four inches, my darling," replied he, as his arm encircled her waist. She was all the world to him.

A youth of about twenty Winters exhibited the respect for age prevalent among the youth of this country by the following remark: "There's my old father now, he's most seventy years old, and knows nearly as much as I do yet."

A very diminitive specimen of a man lately solicited the hand of a fine, buxom girl. "Oh, no," said the fair but insulting lady; "I can't think of it for a moment. The fact is, John, you are a little too big for a cradle, and a little too small to go to church with."

A preacher in Kentucky the other Sunday becoming exasperated, paused in his discourse to say: "Ladies and gentlemen, if you will give me your close attention I will keep a lookout on that door, and if anything worse than a man enters I will warn you in time to make your escape."

Mr. William McMaster surprised the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, of Toronto, on New Year's Day by presenting it with the cancelled mortgage on the property—amount, $5,400. On the first Sunday of the year the Treasurer of the Free Baptist Church of Biddeford, Me., announced that some one had paid all the society's bills, and when the pastor lifted the cloth which covered the communion table he and the congregation alike were surprised to find beneath it a splendid new communion service of solid silver, the gift of an unknown friend.

The Portuguese synagogue of Berismarks, London, has just awarded its annual prizes for the purpose of encouraging the most humane treatment to animals by the men employed in slaughter-houses by Jews. The prize-winner were exhorted to urge their fellow-butchers to behave kindly towards the animals they had to slaughter for food, and an instructive contrast was made of the brutal treatment of cattle by English drovers with the conduct of the foreigners, especially the Danes, who with kind words and whistling would induce a bullock half wild with terror to follow them ashore from a vessel.

It was at Binghamton. He was an aesthetic young man at a ball. The floor manager had introduced him to a divine young creature in blue, and they stood in the set waiting for the prompter's call. "What a charming assembly!" remarked the young man, gazing around on the array of beautiful faces and costumes. "There is something so captivating, so etherealizing in these gatherings of culture and refinement, that I am always charmed when I can mingle with such a joyous throng. Do you not pronounce this a fashionable and intelligent soiree—a superior gathering of beauty and gentility!" "It's the boss," replied the gentle creature in blue, as she arranged the fastenings of her neat little glove. The young man had to be carried out of the ball. —*Elmira Gazette.*

A sable son of Ham presented himself at the desk of the marriage license clerk of the Probate Court, the other day, and asked for a license to marry his dusky Dulcinea. Among other problems propounded him was: "Are you and the lady related?" "Yes, sah!" was the answer. "What relation are you to each other?" was the next query. "Sah?" ejaculated the applicant for matrimonial honors. "I mean what kin are you to each other?" explained the handsome Harry. "We isn't any kin to each other; no kin at all, sah," responded the American citizen of Ethiopian descent. "But you said you were related," answered Reichten. "I thought you deluded to de tender relashuns of luv what prevails between us at de presout moment" said Scipio; so he got his license.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

At the last meeting of Brother Gardner's Lime Kiln Club, the Secretary brought out his letter-bag and read a communication from a medical man in Newark, N. J., who asked the Club to pass a resolution to the effect that the habit of chewing gum is injurius to the teeth. The subject being referred to the Judiciary Committee, they retired to consult, and soon brought in the following report: "Dis committee hez given de subjeck its careful consideration, an' hez arrove at de unanimous conclusion dat while de habit of chewing' gum may be hurtful to de teef, we hezen't de least doubt dat it am also just as hurtful to the gum." During the next half-hour the glee club sang several songs, short speeches were made in eulogy of the man who invented the snow-shovel, and the club adjourned in the best of spirits.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The shipment of oysters to England has become a profitable business in this country, and cargoes are sent out every week during the oyster season. Most of those shipped are of small size, such as the oystermen call "cullings," the English people preferring those to the large size. They find a ready sale at profitable prices, and the indications are that the trade in them will increase. Speaking of oysters, reminds us of a story of Thackeray, who, on one occasion, during his visit to this country, was given some raw oysters of extraordinary size, and after, with some difficulty he succeeded in swallowing two or three, was asked how he liked them. He replied that they impressed him with the idea that he was swallowing a baby!

☞ The hand that rocks the cradle, is the hand that moves the earth. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is the best remedy for all complaints children are subject to, such as Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint, Wind Colic, etc. Price 25 cents.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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—A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from Rome, Italy, says: "Count Ferdinand Lesseps, whose name is celebrated in connection with the Suez Canal, has been in Rome for a few days for the first time since 1849. At that time he was the representative of France in Rome, and he endeavored to prevent the struggle which then took place between the French and Italians, but his efforts were not supported by the French Government, and he was obliged to resign. The abandonment of political life was the reason of his devoting himself to the physical sciences, one result of his studies being the canal which unites the Mediterranean with the Red sea. He is now president of an enterprise which will alter the condition of Africa, and is not less important than was the Suez Canal. It is to form an inland sea in Funis and the eastern part of Algiers, by means of a maritime canal about fourteen miles long. This will put that part of Africa called the "Schotts," the level of which is much lower than the Mediterranean, in communication with that sea. The French Chamber, at the suggestion of the Academy of Science, has voted the funds necessary, and M. Lesseps, together with Major Rondaire, who had already made an examination of the country, have been sent to Africa to study the project."

The trial of Biggins vs. U. S. Grant, is the greatest travesty upon justice we have ever seen in our courts. Biggins swore on the witness stand that Gen. Grant threatened him with a big stick, and would not pay him the $17,000 due him, and his lawyers gravely introduced witnesses to prove his assertions. The defense showed that Biggins asserted to the last, while in the Insane Asylum, that Gen. Grant had visited him through the key hole, which assertion, you will remember, reminded a certain Democratic investigating committee, that they were as demented in their endeavors to prove Gen. Grant guilty of some crime or other, as the witness Biggens, by whom they sought to establish it. We think there is as much method in his madness as theirs, and it would be only fair to mulct Gen. Grant in the sum of $10,000, as compensation to Biggens for finding a Democratic mare's nest for this particular committee.

—Two more Mollie Maguires, Charles Sharpe and James McDonnell, were hanged at Mauch Chunk, on Tuesday, for the murder of George K. Smith, on November 5th, 1863. A reprieve was received at Mauch Chunk by telegraph at 10:37 A. M., and the manager of the Western Union Telegraph office rushed to the jail with it. He rang the bell violently for about half a minute and shouted to the doorkeeper. The latter, however, did not seem to understand that the dispatch was a reprieve. It was from Governor Hartranft, and granted a reprieve until Monday. There was great excitement in the town when the news was made known. If the reprieve had arrived in time, however, the final result would have been the same, as the Governor says there was no reason for pardoning the men.

—The Pittsburg *Post* has printed an editorial advocating ex-Judge Daniel Agnew for the United States Senatorship against Don Cameron. Agnew was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State until two weeks ago. He has been already nominated by the Greenback members of the Legislature for Senator and is thought to be the only man who can unite the votes of the Democrats, Nationals and disaffected Republicans. The *Post* will urge the Democrats and bolting Republicans to support Agnew to insure Cameron's defeat. This is an unexpected movement and will create a stir in political circles.

—A communication from Secretary Sherman was presented to the Senate yesterday in executive session, alleging a large number of reasons for the removal of Messrs. Arthur and Cornell from the New York Custom-House, and Senator Conkling made a bitter speech against the President. Senator Thurman also condemned the removal of Arthur and Cornell.

—At Albany, N. Y., on Monday, a thousand men from east side of the river interfered with the ice cutters, inducing some of the latter to stop work. Finally three of the leaders were arrested by the police and lodged in jail. The strikers wanted $1.50 per day, instead of $1.00.

—Alexander Sayres, who was to be hung on Tuesday, has been again reprieved by the Governor, his case now before the Supreme Court not being disposed of. It is not probable that he will live until the day now appointed for his execution.

—Hon. J. Donald Cameron, whose term will expire on the coming 4th of March, has received the Republican caucus nomination, and will be re-elected next Tuesday for six years.

—The Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, Democratic authority, says it is generally understood that one or two Tilden emissaries are circulating in Ohio.

—There will be no opposition to the re-election of the Hon. Roscoe Conkling by the New York Legislature for another term of six years.

—The *Intelligencer* says "there are so many good things to say about Don Cameron." Will it be kind enough to mention a few?

—The Russian trade route to China is more dangerous than ever. Another Russian caravan has been robbed.

—In the Senate on Monday, the bill appropriating $250,000 for a National Museum, passed.

—There were 917 failures in New York city last year, with liabilities to the amount of $93,958,403, and assets valued at $18,096,481. This is a large increase over former years, and is due mainly to the repeal of the Bankrupt Act. The largest failures were among liquor-dealers, bankers and brokers.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 13, 1879.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The Democracy is much disgruntled over the Secret Service Division of the Treasury, and insist that the House, rather than appropriate moneys for its continuance, should refuse to make any appropriations whatever, and should rather force an extra session on this account, if on no other. To us it seems that the immaculate followers of Jackson are disposed to magnify a mole-hill into a mountain by this effort to build up the Secret Service into such an important arm of the Treasury, for no one but they question the good accomplished by it, unless we err in supposing it to be political good, the catching of some Democratic transgressor of the whiskey or counterfeiting law. That the Secret Service makes mistakes, no one can dispute—all officers of the law are liable to. But since Chief Detective Whitely, that prince of thieves and perjurers, was displaced by Mr. Brooks, whose word and integrity have never been sullied by more than the charges of some offender of the law, we doubt whether any Court at Law, with its officers, has been freer from imputation of bribery and corruption. When Mr. Delano was Commissioner of the Internal Revenue, and made Chief Detective Whitely his counsellor and adviser, then there was no evasion of the revenue law in the State of Ohio, but could be compounded through Whitely, yet that is wholly changed, just as Zack Chandler and Mr. Schurz have swept the Interior Department with reforms of the wrongs and abuses which Mr. Delano was guilty of, and it is unfair to charge past wrongs upon the present Secret Service Bureau.

Mr. Schurz plays hob with Gen. Sheridan in their recent battle of words about the Indian Bureau. A fighting man had better let Mr. Schurz alone in matters of words, and Phil Sheridan is no match for the man who led the French Arms charge in the memorable Senate debate in 1870. Mr. Schurz, with all his Civil Service Reform vagaries, is master of argument and retort, and the less a soldier, with whom it is a word and a blow, has to do with him the better. When a Senator, on the weak side of a case, can battle as he did, with such as Mr. Conkling, for days and gain a laurel by his skill and ability over his opponent, we fancy him a kind of porcupine, whose spine should be carefully and tenderly touched.

We have not met a Democrat, as yet, but favors an extra session of Congress, and unless policy dictates a change of base, you may expect such disagreement upon the appropriation bills as will necessitate the convening of the 46th Congress. The only difficulty experienced at present is in finding some way for making the Republicans responsible for the failures to pass the various measures. The attack on the Secret Service Division shows clearly the schemes which will be resorted to in order to defeat appropriations, and if such an unimportant matter suffice as cause, what will not be done with the estimates of the Executive Departments.

The death of Congressmen Hartridge, Douglass and Williams has disturbed the proceedings of the House to the extent of barring nearly all transaction of business. Adjournment for one day follows the death of each member, hence little has been done since the 7th. The pure and immaculate Ackles, of La., has, however, been duly whitewashed, and his colleagues now welcome him among themselves as they did Mr. Goode, of Va., when he first contested Mr. Platt. Platt had the rights and the votes, so the election committee decided, but they thought differently, and seated Goode, just as they do Ackles, who bought himself a character in New Orleans, which, of course, will suffice the present House, when a Democrat makes the purchase. The rule does not work both ways.

The inevitable Washington Monument remains a bone of contention. A regular army engineer has been bossing the job, which, of course, means all sorts of delays, and besides, his blunders in surveying crookedness, and digging costly, useless ditches to weaken the foundation, it is proposed to change the present plain shaft to one of gewgaw and jimcrack style, like the "calico stone fence" of the Capitol.

D. D.

—The Association, known as the Bristol Relief Society, formed Dec. 27th, 1878, has entered upon its work, and is seeking by the most advantageous means to further its object.

Its officers are Wm. Kinsey, President; J. Wesley Wright, Secretary; C. W. Peirce, Treasurer; Emmor Comly, Superintendent. Thirty-three lady visitors have been appointed, and in this short time between 40 and 50 families have been visited, and their wants supplied. The Committee finds that the work is one of considerable magnitude, and this appeal is to solicit aid from the community at large; such aid as is imperatively necessary to give efficiency to the Society.

The Borough Council has appropriated $100 for the use of the Society. It has 100 members at an annual subscription of $1, but this, we would respectfully urge upon our fellow citizens, will be an insufficient revenue to meet its expenses.

As much discrimination as possible has been, and will be used in giving relief; it will be impossible, no doubt, in all cases to mark the line between worthy and unworthy applicants with entire precision, but care and attention will be given that no funds are misappropriated, and we hope that our citizens will not fail to see that whatever benevolence they have to dispense, will be more active and efficient in the hands of this Society than restricted to private effort.

We know that there are many interested in this good and and important work, who have not yet made any donation to the funds.

A subscription of $1 admits to membership. Contributions of second-hand clothing will be thankfully received at the office of the Superintendent, No. 28 Radcliffe street, where food and clothing are distributed at stated times.

We cannot be excused from this work if we would, for the daily applications at our doors will never cease unless some systematic and well organized plan, as we believe this to be, shall be carried out.

We urge our fellow citizens no longer to give at their doors, and we earnestly hope that this society, fully endorsed and supported by the community, will, in a short time, relieve us in this respect. Will not our citizens liberally respond to this appeal? It is made in the full confidence that our borough is as charitable and as able as any other town in the State to do our duty, and our whole duty in this crisis.

On behalf of the Society,

MRS. W. S. PERKINS,
MISS F. B. PEIRCE.

STRANGLED IN 13 MINUTES.

CAMDEN N. J. January 10th.

Benjamin Hunter, the murderer of John M. Armstrong, was strangled to death this morning in the corridor of the County Court-house. It took thirteen minutes to strangle him. Luckily he was carried to the gallows in a comatose condition, from which he recovered only to a slight degree, if at all, during the execution. He had been in a stupor since yesterday, supposed to have been occasioned immediately by a communication from his brother, John C. Hunter, to the effect that the application for a month's respite which he had made to Governor McClellan on Wednesday had been refused. Previously, moved by the hope of a stay of execution, he had maintained the stolid demeanor which as much as anything else made his trial remarkable. But with the annihilation of his last chance for life he collapsed, physically and mentally. It cannot be said, however, that he had entertained very sanguine hopes of respite at any time. On Sunday, at any rate, he attempted suicide. He had complained of numbness in his legs, and avowedly to relieve it had been accustomed to sit near the stove in his cage and to rub them with his hands before going to bed. The operation usually lasted about an hour. During the early part of Sunday evening he was quite cheerful, and quibbled with his keeper much to the latter's amusement. He undressed at about nine o'clock, and bundling himself in a pair of blankets drew a chair up to the stove. The keeper did not consider it necessary to watch the process, and quietly resumed knitting, an occupation with which he had learned to beguile himself during Hunter's hours of abstraction for six months past. In order better to cover his scheme of suicide Hunter began again to "chaff" his keeper, which chafing the latter bore with patience and mirth. Matters were becoming quite hilarious, when suddenly the keeper caught the sound of a quick breath. He dropped his knitting, and asked Hunter if anything troubled him. Hunter laughingly replied that his legs were cramped, and rubbed still more vigorously. It was then 11 o'clock, an hour after Hunter's bed-time. At 11.30 the keeper noticed that Hunter's speech was incoherent, and urged him to get into bed. Hunter brightened up for a moment, said that he was not tired, and began talking again. But his vitality was evidently becoming exhausted, and the vigilant official's suspicions were aroused. He unbarred the cage door and rushed in. Hunter protested feebly. Hastily tearing the blankets from Hunter and tossing them over on the bed, the keeper stooped to carry the man there also, and saw blood trickling over his feet into a spittoon under them. Medical help was summoned, but before the physicians arrived Hunter had swooned. He had severed the small veins over his instepe and had lost thereby about a pint of blood. The cuts were plastered and bandaged and a judicious allowance of whiskey soon brought the condemned man to his senses. A v-shaped piece of tin, two inches or more long and an inch wide at the base, the pointed end ground smooth and sharp, was found sticking in one of the chair rounds. So far from evincing chagrin over the failure of his purpose, Hunter joked about it in his droll way for a few minutes and, turning over fell asleep. From that time until the final reply from Governor McClellan came he seemed to be in buoyant spirits. He had just finished his breakfast when his brother conveyed the fatal news to him yesterday morning. The conversation was not a long one, and at its close Hunter moaned piteously and threw himself over on the bed. A keeper tried to rouse him for dinner but could not. In the afternoon his wife and children and his brother-in-law, George Goetz, arrived at the jail. Hunter turned his face to the wall, although he knew them, and occasionally answered their questions in monosyllables. At 9.30 in the evening Sheriff Calhoun informed them that they could remain no longer. Hunter had fallen into a deep stupor at this time. The keeper shook him and called loudly to him that he might realize what was about to occur, but he neither moved nor spoke. Finally Sheriff Calhoun pulled one of Hunter's hands out from under him—the family had not been permitted to enter the cage—and thrust it out through the bars, where it rested on a cross piece, cold and limp. The members of the family in turn pressed the hand and kissed it.

Several times during the night Hunter parted his lips as though they were parching, and water was given to him. Sheriff Calhoun's son found him tossing on the bed at 4 o'clock this morning, and inquired how he passed the night. "Oh, middling," said Hunter. These were his last words. At 5 o'clock he was seized with convulsions. A tumbler full of whiskey had no effect whatever upon him, but a second one quieted him. A breakfast of steak, potatoes and coffee was carried into the cage at 7.30, but he could not be aroused. John C. Hunter and George Goetz arrived at 9 o'clock. He did not recognize them. At 10.30 Sheriff Calhoun entered the cage with the Rev. D. Allen of Philadelphia, and informed Hunter that he had but an hour to live. The words fell on deaf ears. Dr. Allen then bent over Hunter and in a loud voice asked if he desired religious services. After vainly waiting for a reply Dr. Allen knelt and prayed. At 11:15 Sheriff Calhoun with six deputies entered the cage again. Hunter still lay upon the bed, which he had not once left since he tossed himself upon it, with his clothing on, yesterday morning. The men shook him and called to him, but to no purpose. "We shall have to carry him down, I suppose," Sheriff Calhoun said, and with things already at hand they bound his ankles and fastened irons around his wrists. Then they pulled him out of bed and stood him on his feet, but his head lopped forward and his knees gave way under him.

"Come, Mr. Hunter, get up and walk down stairs," Sheriff Calhoun shouted in Hunter's ears, but an involuntary lunge forward was the only response. Then the men picked up the body, ex-Sheriff Dautmann and Jesse Daisey holding it by the shoulders, Michael Trunkey and Jacob Nesson at the waist, and Michael Nachtman and another deputy, each holding a foot. There were two narrow staircases, each with turns, to descend. Sheriff Calhoun led the grim possession. John C. Hunter and Mr. Goetz had left the room when the manacling was done, and the Rev Dr. Allen had gone home. A hush fell over the crowd in the cross-shaped corridor as Sheriff Calhoun with uncovered head, appeared at the top of the lower half-flight of stairs. Directly behind him came Hunter's body, borne feet-foremost. It was shabbily dressed in disordered clothes. The procession stopped at the turn of the stairs for breath. Sheriff Calhoun's face betrayed his nervousness, and with a quick motion he beckoned the deputies to move faster. The corridor, running from west to east, through which the procession passed, was roped off, leaving a passage in the centre. As the deputies with their freight reached this passage they lifted Hunter's head, and it fell back face upwards against the arms of the men at the shoulders. The face was as colorless and quiet as the face of a corpse. Even the defiant expression which Hunter come to wear as though indelibly imprinted, before the trial ended, had disappeared.

The point where the four branch corridors meet, a space perhaps six feet square, had been fenced off. Until within ten minutes of the appearance of the procession, a chair brought from the court-room from which the corridor is separated at this point only by a partition, had stood there. It was shoved back against the partition, and Deputy Sherman unhitched the noose from the south fence of the inclosure, to which it had been looped. The six deputies tried again to set Hunter on his feet, but he was limp and without apparent strength. His head fell back on his left shoulder helplessly and his knees again refused to support him. Four of the men then by main strength held him erect, and Sheriff Calhoun drew a white cap over his forehead. The noose having by this time been properly adjusted, Sherman slipped it over Hunter's head and drew it tight around his neck, with the knot behind the left ear. An involuntary gasp, just audible, escaped Hunter. The noose was tight enough to keep his head in position. Ex-Sheriff Dautmann picked up a hatchet and stepped to the further corner of the inclosure, behind Hunter, whom four men were still supporting. When all was in readiness Sheriff Calhoun excitedly stepped in front of Hunter and peering into his face from a distance of about four inches, said quickly and in a hoarse whisper:

"Have you anything to say? have you anything to say?"

One of Hunter's eyelids twitched for a second, but closed immediately. Calhoun pulled the cap over the man's face till it hid all but the ends of his gray beard. Then the Sheriff snapped his fingers at Dautmann there was the sharp rap of a hatchet, a swaying of the upper ropes, and at 11:25 Hunter was lifted with a quick but steady movement about two feet into the air. As his body stretched out to its full length the feet were within four or five inches of the floor. There was a rush for the rope to which the weight was attached, and a half dozen pairs of volunteer hands hauled Hunter four feet into the air, where tobacco smoke was floating in clouds, and held him till he strangled. A very tall physcian felt of his pulse at the end of the first minute, and unbuttoned his coat and waistcoat to feel the heartbeats; there were sixty-four pulsations. The body was then lowered by the automatic gallows for the convenience of the second physician, who was of diminutive stature. While he stood waiting for the end of the second minute Hunter's limbs began twitching. This was succeeded by five abrupt gasps and a violent heaving of the chest. His head had fallen over on the right shoulder. Then the body began to swing. Doctors Andrews, Bell, Butcher, Smith and Lynde, in turn, felt the pulse and heart, the Sheriffs accommodating friends lowering the body and raising it to suit the height and convenience of the several physicians.

In thirteen minutes the man was pronounced strangled. His body was lowered after thirty minutes and laid out on a table in the Sheriff's office. An autopsy was made and during the afternoon the body was delivered at the residence of John C. Hunter, in Philadelphia.

At the post-mortem, Professor Andrews of the Jefferson Medical College, declared that Hunter's capillary circulation had ceased some hours before the execution as a result of extreme fright, and that without restoratives he would have died of fright before night. As soon as the result of the post-mortem was declared the ropes which had hemmed in the square that the Court-House occupies were removed, and the crowd which had begun to collect at them at 8 o'clock quickly filled the court-yard and various approaches to the building. But the doors were barred and after an hour the crowd dispersed. The corridors had been cleared when Hunter was declared dead.

—A young girl named Ellen Gable successfully confronted a tramp at Jerseyville, Ill., a few days ago. The family were away, leaving her alone, and soon a rough-looking fellow who had witnessed their departure went to the house and demanded admission. The girl armed herself with two revolvers—a small one loaded and a navy revolver empty—and opened the door. She snapped the small revolver at him, but it did not go off, and seizing it, the fellow wrenched it away from her. She at once presented the empty navy revolver, when the fellow fled in a fright, dropping the small revolver as he ran.

—Rabbi Sneersohn, sent out from Jerusalem sixteen years ago by the Chief Rabbi to collect funds to assist Jews in destitute circumstances to take a lvantage of the Hatti Sheriff enabling them to possess land in Palestine, and who has since been travelling through Europe and North America delivering lectures for the benefit of his nation, finds himself destitute and in broken health at Melbourne, Australia. The Dean of Melbourne is raising a fund to enable the old man to return to his family at Jerusalem.

—Monday afternoon, Edward Clark, an old citizen, employed at the Crane Iron Work, Catasauqua, while passing the top of a furnace which was being repaired, was accidentally thrown into it, falling thirty feet upon a scaffolding, being seriously injured. He was carried to his home and died about 7 o'clock in the evening. Deceased was one of the oldest employes of the company, and leaves a family.

—Bishop Simpson was about to begin his lecture before the Yale theological students the other day, when he was seen to pause and look for something. "Young gentlemen," he said, "I find myself in the position of the preacher who was informed by a lady that thirdly had flown out of the window." A part of his MS. was missing, and while Professor Fisher went away to search for it, the Bishop entertained his audience with a half-hour's talk on President Lincoln. Then the MS. appeared, and the lecture began.—*Tribune.*

Bristol.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

J. Wesley Wright,

Next to Canal Bridge,

MILL STREET.

BRISTOL, PA.

Will open to-day a full line of useful and Fancy Goods suitable for

HOLIDAY SALES,

To which I invite all to

COME AND SEE.

Parties in search of Staple Goods for Holiday presents, cannot fail to find upon our well filled shelves something to suit, at prices as low as can be found anywhere.

Dress Goods, in all their variety.
Domestics, Dry Goods of all kinds.
Ladies' Coats and Shawls at all prices.
Ladies', Misses', and Children's furs.
Hand-knit Zephyr Goods for children's wear.

HANDKERCHIEFS

Put up in all conceivable styles from 6c. box to $5.00 box.

FANCY PERFUMERY BOXES, DRESSING CASES, WORK BOXES, LINEN PORTFOLIOS, HAND MIRRORS, POCKET BOOKS from 5cts., to $3.00.

And a thousand other things suitable for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

For the gentlemen we have

HANDKERCHIEFS

In endless variety.

GLOVES OF ALL KINDS.

POCKET BOOKS, CIGAR CASES, SHOE-BLACKING CASES AND SETS, ETC.

To the boys and girls with their parents we would be glad to show our stock of.

DOLLS, TOYS.
DOLLS, TOYS.
DOLLS, TOYS.

CARRIAGES AND HORSES, TOOL CHESTS, SLEDS.

BOOKS FOR YOUTH.

All sorts of things to

MAKE CHILDREN HAPPY.

SILVER PLATED

AND

Fancy Glass Ware,

Table Cutlery, Castors,

Toilet Sets, Spoons,

Napkins Etc.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Is full of stock for

HOLIDAY SALES.

FRUITS is great variety and fresh.

CANNED GOODS of all descriptions.

PICKLES in various styles.

POULTRY FRESH DAILY.

POULTRY FRESH DAILY.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONARY.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONERY.

NO SUCH STOCK

In quantity, quality, or variety, to be found in Bucks County.

J. Wesley Wright,

Next to Canal Bridge,

MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

Miscellaneous.

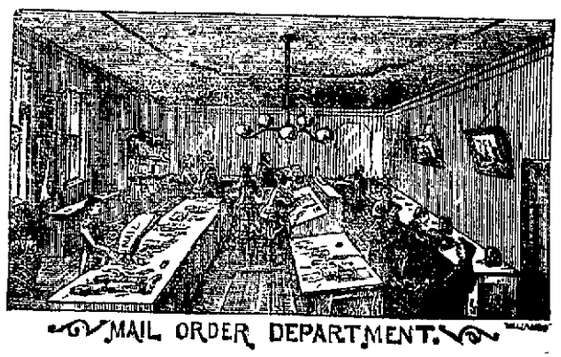
CHRISTMAS!

Each succeeding year makes plainer the fact that there is a rapidly growing taste for Holiday Gifts, combining usefulness with beauty and correct taste.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

Have made very extensive preparations for supplying the prevailing taste, and have now on daily exhibition the largest stock of useful and beautiful articles ever placed on sale in Philadelphia. An examination will convince any one that almost every department of the house contains articles more appropriate for Christmas offerings than gifts of silver or gold.

All who find it inconvenient to visit Philadelphia, are cordially invited to make their selections and order their goods through our



MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Of late the business transacted through this Department has been so heavy as to necessitate the employment of additional help, but the perfect system in practice enables us to promptly answer every request for samples, and to fill at once every order in the most satisfactory manner.

Below we give a necessarily brief list of articles especially adapted for Holiday Gifts.

INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS.
HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS.
COL'D BORDER HANDKERCHIEFS.
FANCY SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.
HANDKERCHIEFS IN FANCY BOXES. For Ladies, Gentleman and Children.
GENTLEMEN'S SILK AND CASHMERE MUFFLERS.
LADIES' EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND CUFFS.
LADIES' NECKTIES AND BOWS.
RUFFLING AND SCARFS.
GENT'S NECKWEAR OF EVERY STYLE.
FANCY HOSIERY.
SILK HOSIERY.
UNDERWEAR IN SILK, WOOL CASHMERE AND MERINO. For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.
GENTS COLLARS AND CUFFS.
INDIA AND PAISLEY SHAWLS.
LADIES' COATS AND SUITS.
CHILDRENS' COATS AND SUITS.
BOYS' CLOTHING AND OVERCOATS.
INFANTS' OUTFITS.
NOVELTIES IN SKIRTS.
PIANO, TABLE AND ORGAN COVERS.
FINE DAMASK TABLE COVERS.
NAPKINS TO MATCH.
TOILET REQUISITES.
BLANKETS AND QUILTS.
EIDERDOWN QUILTS.
CARRIAGE LAP ROBES.
SILK UMBRELLAS.
JAPANESE LACQUER GOODS.
CELLULOID TOILET SETS.
POCKET BOOKS.
WRIST WARMERS.
GLOVES OF ALL KINDS.
FANS, ETC.
SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS.
DRESS GOODS.
PRINTS AND CRETONNES.

&c., &c., &c.

TWENTY-FIVE CASES

Twenty-Five Cent Dress Goods,

Especially Adapted for Christmas Presents.

Our greatly enlarged store room, this season, enables us to comfortably accommodate the many hundreds of our customers who may have heretofore found difficulty in getting waited upon at our crowded counters.

The price of everything is guaranteed to be absolutely the lowest.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

N. W. Corner Eighth & Market Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

COOK & JAQUES,

STATE STREET, Trenton, N. J.

Have a Fine Selection of Choice Cameo, Pearl, Onyx and Amethyst Rings. Diamond and 18K Plain Engagement Rings. Stone-Cameo Lockets for Ladies and Gents, Mosaic Pins, Crosses and Lockets. Opera, Matinee and Chatelain Chains. Gold and Plated Vest Chains.

STERLING SILVER And COIN SILVER Spoons, Forks, etc. Various articles for WEDDING PRESENTS, in Bronze and Silver. All the new styles of Buttons and studs.

The Agents direct for the sale of all brands of of American WATCHES. Watch-cases made to suit customers in design. We sell all the finest brands of Foreign Watches for Ladies and Gents. All kinds of FINE WATCH REPAIRING done in the store. Agents for the ARUNDEL TINTED EYE-GLASSES AND SPECTACLES.

COOK & JAQUES, 41 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.

Are the Leading Jewelers.

IVINS & BROTHER,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Furniture, Bedding and Feathers,

Nos. 64, 66 & 68 North Second, Near Arch Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

W. J. HEISS BRO. & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Girard Avenue and Front Street, Philadelphia

FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

Seven Per Cent. Investment at Par.

FOR SALE. STOCK IN THE BRISTOL IMPROVEMENT COMPANY. Pays quarterly dividends at the rate of Seven per cent. per annum, with almost absolute security. The investment is entirely in real estate of the most substantial character, and at the present low cost of building, the value of which every stockholder is capable to judge.

It is not possible to find any other investment yielding so large a return at so little risk.

JOSHUA PEIRCE.

Notice.

AS I have been compelled to vacate the premises No. 28 Mill Street, which I have occupied as a BAKERY, I have secured the premises on MILL STREET, opposite A. L. Packer's Flour and Feed Store, where I intend carrying on the Baking business. Thanking the public kindly for their past patronage, I hope by proper attention to business to receive a continuance of the same. Yours respectfully, A. K. HOFF.

N. B.—All orders received at the store, or by the carriers, or through the mail, will be promptly attended to. 190

$1500. For Sale.

A VERY desirable first-mortgage of fifteen hundred dollars, with interest payable semi-annually. JOSHUA PEIRCE.

For Sale.

HOUSES of every size and description. Term of payment very liberal.

JOSHUA PEIRCE.

For Sale.

A NO. 8 Universe Cooking Stove. The best in the market. Apply at this office.

PURSELL'S

POROUS

PLASTERS.

Always Fresh,

Adhere Well,

Relieve Quickly,

Good for Lumbago,

Pain in the Lungs,

Rheumatism.

Price 20 Cents.

S. W. CORNER MILL AND CEDAR STS.,

Bristol, Pa.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette.

Thursday, January 16, 1879.

SORTS.

—Sleigh-bells began chiming early this morning.

—The ice in the river has all disappeared —under the snow.

—The ice-bridge between Bristol and Burlington is well patronized.

Not every Town Council has a representative in the State Legislature.

—Our citizens do not crowd each other much in an effort to become Burgess.

—At the Methodist Church extra meetings have been held every evening this week.

—The entertainment at No. 112 Radcliffe street this evening, should not be forgotten.

—Notwithstanding the cold weather, candidates for borough offices are beginning to sprout.

—Every Wednesday afternoon and evening the room of the Bristol Fire Company No. 1 will be open to visitors.

—The Bristol Institute meets next Tuesday evening. There will be standing room for those who are not on hand early.

—The Borough Council are gradually elevating themselves. At their next meeting they expect to be a story higher than heretofore.

—It took the Borough Council a long time to discover that pleasanter places of meeting were in existence than in the odorous Town Hall.

—A shooting-match, on the ice, opposite Bristol, afforded much sport last Saturday, to a number of sportsmen (?). It was death to the birds, however.

—Some of Bristol's sages are convinced that Hunter was not hung at Camden last Friday, but that the dead body of some other man was substituted.

—Two young men who were living upon a canal boat, were this week sent to Doylestown by Justice Bailey, for attempting to steal coal from Grundy's mill.

—The sparrows and other little birds are troubled about "victuals and drink" to-day, and were abroad early gathering up the crumbs. They should start a relief society.

—The skating is spoiled for a season, but before complaining about it, just remember that a number of persons earned their breakfasts this morning by shoveling snow. It's an ill snow that doesn't bring somebody good.

—Skating is more popular this winter than it has been for a number of years. The young ladies, especially, seem to be fascinated by the invigorating pastime, and the boy who plays "hookey" lays the blame to the charm there is in skates.

—This evening and to-morrow evening there will be suppers given at No. 112 Radcliffe street, the former residence of Thomas S. Wood, for the purpose of raising a fund for the establishment of a coffee-house, where the opportunity will be afforded for procuring wholesome food at a moderate price. This is a chance for those who have a quarter to invest in a good cause to invest it.

—The installation of officers of Hermione Lodge of the Knights of Pythias was witnessed by a large number of persons, who were present in response to invitations from members of the order. The ceremonies pertaining to the installation are of themselves of an interesting character, but besides these there was singing by some of the ladies, and music by the Washington Cornet Band, and short speeches by several members.

—Last Saturday afternoon not less than five hundred people were upon the river skating, walking, or sliding about. It was a very enlivening scene, such as is not often witnessed. The groups were continually changing, moving in and out among the crowd, and the shouts of the boys, the laughter of the girls, the ringing of the sleigh bells and the whiz of the ice boats, as they swept swiftly along, was very inspiring, even to those of older years who having discarded skates as a youthful folly, were pleased spectators of the graceful skaters.

—In the winter accidents upon the ice are always expected, but this winter they have not been of frequent occurrence, and until Sunday afternoon there has been nothing in that line, of importance to notice. Then, however, John McLaughlin, a nine year old son of James McLaughlin, residing above the hollow bridge, was upon the river skating, and thinking it would be fun to utilize the wind, which was blowing moderately, the little fellow spread out his coat so as to catch the breeze, and was going along nicely when, just as he was nearing Landreth's wharf, an air hole, which he did not notice, laid right in his path, and into it, into the black jaws of death, glided the merry boy, unconscious of danger, until he found himself struggling in the cold water. Nobody was near to give him a helping hand, and he went down and never came up again alive. His body was recovered the same afternoon, and conveyed to the home of his parents.

—The members of Fire Company No. 1 are now about as happy as they well can be, over the great improvements which have been made in their building. It is not by any means the external part of the structure, although its appearance is much improved, which makes the firemen so proud of what has been done; but in the second story, in the room once so bare and uncouth, quite a transformation has taken place. The apartment is carpeted with a handsome Brussels carpet, several sofas invite the visitor to make himself comfortable, a number of walnut tables are placed at convenient locations with chairs near at hand to afford the members of the company with easy facilities for engaging in the innocent little social games which firemen so much delight in. Upon a centre-table is a glass case, which encloses one of the prizes of the company, their silver fire trumpet. The room is warmed by heat from a furnace in the cellar, and gas fixtures of an ornamental character indicate that gas still holds its own with our firemen, against Edison's much talked-of, but long-a-coming electric light. Everything about the room is neat and tasteful, and if anywhere in the State there is an organization of this character which has cosier or more cheerful quarters than "our boys," we would like to know it. It is pleasant for them to know that it is all the result of their own industry and earnest effort.

Council Proceedings.

After the preliminary business of calling the roll, reading the minutes, and the passing of bills, a petition for a crossing on Jefferson avenue at Wood street was read, and referred to the Street Committee, with power to act. The following communications were read, and ordered to be entered upon the minutes:

At a meeting of citizens held at Washington Hall, December 30, 1878, for the purpose of forming an association for the relief of the deserving poor, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That as it is within the province of the Burgess and Council to suppress the tramp nuisance within the limits of this borough, they are hereby respectfully requested to adopt immediate and efficient measures to effect the same.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that all appropriations by the Burgess and Council from the borough funds for the relief of the resident poor should hereafter be distributed by and through this association.

Resolved, That the Secretary be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the Burgess and Council.

To the Burgess and Council of Bristol Borough—Sirs: The Board of Directors of the Bristol Relief Society would respectfully beg leave to present the following:

That a society bearing the above title has been organized in our borough with Mr. Wm. Kinsey as President, J. Wesley Wright Secretary, Chas. W. Peirce, Jr., Treasurer, and a board of six directors, consisting of Joshua Peirce, Robert W. Rogers, Jacob S. Young, Peter E. Hepe, William B. Baker, Rev. Wm. Conard, the said society having for its object the relieving of deserving poor and the suppression of mendicancy.

Under this organization the borough has been divided into eleven districts under the care of a Board of Visitors consisting of thirty-three ladies, who have done efficient work during the past week, having visited and relieved about forty families. They find some cases helpless and deserving of relief, and others, from habits of dissipation and indolence, will not maintain themselves, so that we feel they can not be relieved by this society, and we take the liberty to refer such cases to the Burgess and Council, with a request that you will take such action as will relieve the borough of them.

We are all convinced that the result of the labors of this society will be to relieve the borough of the indiscriminate giving that has heretofore existed, and the citizens from the annoyance of having applicants at their doors.

We are so well satisfied with the efficiency of this organization that we would suggest the propriety of the Borough Council discontinuing its present system of relief orders, and that they will hereafter apply their appropriations for the benefit of the poor through this association.

Our only resource for funds is from private contributions, and we have up to this time received from this source about one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and we find such a large amount of destitution existing that this sum will be speedily exhausted, and we respectfully request the Burgess and Council to make such an appropriation to our treasury as they may deem suitable. WM. KINSEY, Pres't.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Sec'y.

On motion, the Poor Committee of Council were directed to issue no further orders.

On motion, an appropriation of $100 was granted to the Bristol Relief Society.

The Relief Society, through the Secretary, presented the names of several families and others, whom they deemed unworthy of relief, and asked that some of them be committed to jail as vagrants, and that the others be sent to the County Alms House.

The Poor Committee were instructed to provide for the burial of deceased paupers.

A number of remits of taxes assessed against persons who have removed or died since the making out of the duplicate, were made, and on motion, the Burgess was directed to issue a warrant for the arrest of the remainder who have neglected or refused to pay their tax.

The constable was given until the March meeting to settle the duplicates.

The committee having charge of furnishing the new Council Chamber, reported that the cost of providing suitable furniture would amount to about $300. They were, on motion, authorized to make the necessary expenditure.

Council then adjourned to hold its next stated meeting at the new quarters in No. 1 Fire Company building.

—We have a new edition of "Beautiful Snow" to-day.

—On Tuesday the following persons were elected Directors of the Farmers' National Bank: Stacy Brown, Caleb N. Taylor, Anthony Swain, Pierson Mitchell, Edward Thomas, Charles Moon, Louis A. Hoguet, Isaac Comly and Ellwood Burton. At a meeting of the Directors held immediately afterwards, Caleb N. Taylor was re-elected President.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday, January 15, 1879: Mrs. Emma Bessonett, (3), Mrs. Sallie L. Carter, I. B. B. Colt, Rosey Coyle, Tom Diver, L. Edwards, Emirl Ehlenger, Mrs. Samuel Holt, David P. Hellings, Harriet Hellings, Mrs. Tillie Johnson, Mrs. Bridget Kelley, Lydia A. Kline, Jacob Krietcher, Wm. Lair, John Lynn, Geo. Meyers, Rachel Miller, Josephine Rue and Sarah A. Woodington.

—The Temperance Lyceum was crowded to overflowing on Tuesday evening, at Cabeen's Hall. People were even waiting upon the steps as late as eight o'clock, hoping for an opportunity to get in; but they were more comfortable outside, if they only knew it, for there is little chance of ventilation in the room, and the atmosphere was anything but pleasant. The exercises were opened by a temperance jubilee song by some little folks, and was followed by a reading by Miss Lizzie Laing; Mrs. Pray read an essay, touching upon the evils resulting from wine drinking, and Miss Maggie A. Bache sang "Good Bye Mavourneen;" Miss Sallie M. Hawk read a selection, entitled, "Out of Work; "Our Banner Song" followed; a recitation of a poem, the theme of which was "Comfortless," by Miss Annie Pray, came next; then a song, "Touch not the Wine; then a reading by Miss Emma Janney, and in conclusion, a song, "Little Robin Tell Kitty I'm Coming." The programme was a very entertaining one, and was listened to with attention and pleasure by those who were not too much crowded to attend to anything but their own comfort or discomfort.

—General Sherman is reported as saying that he has seen all the royal ladies at European courts and has never seen one who is superior to Mrs. Hayes, or who would discharge the duties of her position at the White House with more grace. He considers Mrs. Hayes not only a handsome woman, but one endowed with many rare qualities of mind and disposition.

☞ Safe, reliable, harmless and cheap, is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price only 25 cents.

Annual Meeting of Bristol Library.

The second meeting of the shareholders of the Bristol Library was held in Washington Hall last Thursday evening, Rev. Dr. Knox presiding. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The treasurer's report showed a balance in the treasury of $61.70. The secretary submitted the following report:

To the Shareholders of the Bristol Library. Your Board of Managers present the following report of their proceedings from the organization of the Library to the present time:—The work of soliciting subscriptions was stopped upon the organization of the Library, and on June 1st, 1878, two months after the first meeting of the shareholders, the Library was opened with 284 works in 327 volumes which cost $237 42, and 128 shareholders, who comprised such of the original 140 subscribers as paid their subscriptions, and a few others who took shares after the shareholders' meeting.

The Library has been opened on two afternoons and one evening of each week, which the Managers have considered sufficiently convenient, and as often as is compatible with moderate expense.

The books are divided into:—

Class A. History, Biography, Travels, and kindred subjects.

Class B. Miscellaneous.

Class C. Fiction.

Class D. Public Documents and Reports.

Before any books were purchased, each shareholder was furnished with a blank whereon to request the purchase of ten such books as he or she desired to have in the library. These requests were carefully considered, and at least one book from each list was procured, with one or two exceptions. With a further view to meet the demands of all tastes, the Librarian has kept an open request book wherein shareholders might make application for the purchase of such works as they desired.

Each book in the library has been separately acted upon by the Managers, and in making purchases they have considered:—

1st. That the main object of a public library is to supply a want felt in every community of intelligent people, that of reliable information upon important and instructive topics, &c.

2nd. That every library should contain a fair proportion of books that may be characterized as entertaining and amusing rather than as instructive.

In aiming to accomplish these ends the Managers have had to discriminate carefully in their selections, having to consider a variety of tastes and having but a limited amount of money at their disposal.

They have considered it advisable to add to the library by making a few purchases each month rather than by spending all the means at their disposal at once, since by this means they could gratify the shareholders by constantly making acquisitions and could also exercise more care in making selections.

With regard to classes A. and B. they have largely avoided the purchase of expensive works, deeming it more satisfactory to the Shareholders to have as large an assortment as possible, rather than fewer books of greater value, for this reason, no encyclopedias or other costly works of reference have been purchased, nor numerous works upon any one subject; for though the library needs, and to attain its proper object, must have works of reference and books representing various views and shades of opinion upon any given subject, the Managers have considered that their higher aims must be gradually attained in the present financial condition of the Library.

With regard to Class C.—Fiction—The Managers have endeavored to place in the Library a fair proportion of books of this class. They have not purchased the complete works of any of the standard writers of fiction, thinking it wise to wait until opportunities offer to make such purchases at auction or at second hand. As to the lighter class of fiction, this Board does not think that it or any future Board can give entire satisfaction to those who exclusively or very largely desire such books, at least not until the Library is in possession of an income vastly greater than it can now obtain. The average "novel reader" is insatiable. He wants, not some, but all the new novels and to give him adequate satisfaction, these must be at hand as soon as they issue from the press, for these books are old in three months, antiquated in six, and not to be thought of in a year from publication. The Board returns the belief that to give complete satisfaction to a single one novel reader for the space of one year would consume three times the amount of income that the Bristol Library is likely to have in any one year during the next decade. These novels of the lighter class issue from the press in monthly battalions. Their name is legion. Discrimination in their purchase is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible; a book of this description that one person considers "absolutely charming" is quite likely to be characterized by the next reader as "perfect trash." In the experience of this Board it has occurred that novels have been condemned by the very persons who solicited their purchase, and it is to be borne in mind that all the novels in the Library have been purchased at the request of Shareholders. While the Managers confess their inability to completely satisfy the novel readers, they have endeavored to consider their tastes and to spend a fair proportion of money to gratify them.—

Class A. now contains 116 books.
Class B. now contains 149 books.
Class C. now contains 131 books.
Class D. now contains 31 books, none of the last having been purchased, being nearly all presented by the U. S. Government.

There are now in the library 427 works in 496 volumes, which have cost $413.40, an average of about 83 cents per volume. The average has been reduced to this low figure by getting a liberal discount on new books, by buying at auction and at second hand whenever possible, and by receiving donations from various parties amounting in all to 69 books.

The Managers have not issued printed catalogues because they have not considered the number of books sufficient to justify the expense, for even if offered for sale it could scarcely be at a price that would cover the expense of publishing them.

How the Shareholders have used the Library and the evidence of their tastes can best be shown by quoting from the Librarian's report to the Board:—He says:—

"Of the 138 shares only 12 have never been used. Of the 126 subscribers who have taken out books, 23 have had less than 50; the remaining 103 subscribers have had charged to them some 1650 books, making an average of about 16 books to each of the much used shares. This undoubtedly is an excellent showing, for while many of the books were kept out but two or four days, yet quite a number were renewed and some were kept beyond the time and fined. * * * While Class C. appears to have been used more often than either of the other classes, we must take into account that the C's were rarely kept out over one week, while the A's and B's were almost always retained for two weeks and quite oftener for three; thus if we consider the length of time each book was kept out, the A's and B's will prove to have been of far more use than the C's. * * * The best read books have been the new biographies, histories, travels and standard fiction. * * * the light works have gone begging except in a very limited circle of the subscribers."

In conclusion, the managers consider that whatever differences of taste and consequent dissatisfaction there may be, the Library is on a firm basis. Its books are amply insured. It has no debts and there is a balance in the treasury. It has been open seven months and in that time has issued ten new shares, and added 143 books in 169 vols. The annual assessments will be sufficient to cover all current expenses and it is thought that a sum can be raised by public entertainments each year sufficient to increase the number of books at a reasonable rate. Not quite $150 net have been raised in this way since the Library was organized, and here it is to be noted that while the 138 shares at $3 each represent a value of $414, over one third of this amount has been added to the value of the Library by the entertainments that have been given; that is to say the money value of the Library has increased at least 33 per cent. since its organization, and consequently its shares may be reasonably said to be now actually worth $4, instead of $3, their present par value.

There can be no doubt that as time goes on, if a little patience and more perseverance are exercised, we will be the owners of a fine library, with comfortable reading rooms open to the shareholders every day.

Respectfully submitted.

A. WEIR GILKESON,
Secretary.

The following amendment to the constitution was made: "Each share shall be subject to an annual assessment of $1.00, which shall be payable to the treasurer on the day of the annual meeting. If not paid in two months, there shall be added a penalty of 10 cents per month as long as it remains unpaid. If not paid in one year the share shall be forfeited."

The election for the Board of Managers was then held, John C. Stuckert appointed Judge of Election, and Frank P. Adams and Edith L. Peirce, tellers. The following persons were chosen for the ensuing year: John K. Wildman, Rev. Dr. Knox, Joshua Peirce, A. Weir Gilkeson, Charles E. Scheide, J. Frank Rogers, J. O. Thomas, Julia H. Slack, Amelia Merriam, Louisa Iredell, Joseph W. Swain.

During the progress of the meeting a large proportion of the shareholders paid their annual dues.

After the adjournment of the meeting the new board was called together and organized by re-electing Rev. Dr. J. H. M. Knox, President, and A. Weir Gilkeson, Secretary. Dr. G. W. Adams was appointed Treasurer, and Harold Peirce, Librarian. The Librarian's assistants are the same as last year—Ruth Anna Peirce and Miss Marie Gilkeson.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

☞ Communications intended for this column must be addressed to "Children's Editor," GAZETTE Office, Bristol.

As I don't know how many of my readers succeeded in pronouncing my hard word last week, I suppose I am expected to pronounce it myself!

Well then, Phtholognyrrh, spells Turner, the name, as I told you, of a celebrated artist. And this is the way it does it—phth in the word *phthisic*, has the sound of T. Olo, in the word *Colonel*, we pronounce ur. Gn in gnat, is simply n. And in the word *myrrh*, the last letters, yrrh give us the sound of the letters er. And there is *Turner* for you, although I prefer the usual way of spelling it. Phonetic spelling is very well for a puzzling joke—but we all know it would not answer at all for the ordinary use of words.

I wonder how many of the boys who read the GAZETTE, would believe me if I were to tell them that a fish makes a nest. I once made this assertion to a small boy, who immediately cocked up his eyes at me with a doubtful look, and exclaimed: "not much she don't, mister! You've got mixed on birds!" But I was not, as I proved, to the extreme surprise of my young hearer. It is true, that as a rule a fish is not much of an architect, his own anatomical construction preventing him from undertaking very much in the way of an edifice. He has but one tool—his mouth—and even this instrument is of limited capacity. Still, though *any* nest that a fish can make is of necessity very slight—yet there are some fishes that can build a house—or rather a nest—very well deserving the name. "The best examples of architecture among fishes,"—I quote now from an article lately read upon this subject—"are those which are produced by the *sticklebacks*, those well-known little beings whose spiny bodies, brilliant colors, and dashing courage make them such favorites with all who study nature. These fishes make their nests of the delicate vegetation that is found in fresh water, and will carry materials from some little distance in order to complete the home. The materials of which the nest is made are extremely variable but they are always constructed so as to harmonize with the surrounding objects, and thus escape ordinary observation. Sometimes it is made of bits of grass which have been blown into the river, sometimes of straws, and sometimes of growing plants. The object of the nest is evident enough, when the habits of the stickleback are considered. As is the case with many other fish, there are no more determined destroyers of stickleback eggs than the sticklebacks themselves, and the nests are evidently constructed for the purpose of affording a resting place for the eggs until they are hatched. If a few of these eggs be removed from the water in a net, and the eggs thrown into the stream, the sticklebacks rush at them from all sides, and fight for them like boys scrambling for half-pence. The eggs are very small, barely the size of dust-shot, and are yellow when first placed in the nest, but deepen in color as they approach maturity. There is a well known marine species of this group called the *Fifteen Spined Stickleback*, a long-bodied, long-snouted fish, with a slightly projecting jaw, and a row of fifteen short, sharp spines along the back. This creature makes its nest of the smaller algae, and the delicate green and purple sea weeds which fringe our coasts. Sometimes, indeed, it becomes rather eccentric in its architecture, and builds in very curious situations. A case is on record where a pair of Sticklebacks had made their nest in the loose end of a rope, from which the separated strands hung out about a yard from the surface, over a depth of four or five fathoms, and to which the materials could only have been brought, of course in the mouth of the fish, from the distance of about thirty feet. They were formed of the usual aggregation of the finer sorts of green and red seaweed, but they were so matted together in the hollow formed by the untwisted strands of the rope, that the mass constituted an oblong ball of nearly the size of the fist, in which had been deposited the scattered assemblage of spawn, and which was bound into shape with a thread of animal substance, which was passed through in various directions, while the rope itself formed an outside covering to the whole."

An illustration which I have of the nest of the Stickleback, is really quite curious. I wish I could draw it here. But for the fact that the hole or opening in the nest, is at the side, instead of on top, you might suppose it the ordinary nest of the little robin red breast. The opening is at the side, of course, that Mr. Stickleback may glide into his home in the most convenient way—where I dare say he is as happy and contented, as I hope you are in yours; although we can say little or nothing with regard to his domestic life—his native element making any study of him, by man, very difficult.

Next week I'll tell you something I do not believe you know, about the Beaver and *his* home.

BRISTOL TOWNSHIP, Jan. 14th, 1879.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The people of this community were horrified on last Sunday evening, on learning that John, aged nine, son of James McLaughlin, while skating fell through an air hole in the river and was drowned. After lying in the water more than an hour and a half, the body was recovered, life being extinct. Coroner Groom held an inquest, and returned a verdict of accidental drowning. The body was found in the same place where he fell in, the depth being twenty-three feet. It is strange that the current didn't bear him under the ice, but the supposition is that the weight of the skates sunk him.

This (Tuesday) being the day of his burial, he was visited by the pupils of the Green Lane School (of which he was a member) accompanied by their teacher; they come to take their leave of him; after some appropriate remarks by the teacher, on the subject of death, they sang the hymn, beginning, "When he cometh to make up his jewels," a hymn, of which little Johnny was very fond, but before it was finished every cheek was wet with tears, and the room resounded with the sobs and sighs of the children, further singing being impossible. They were marched from the room, and dismissed to their homes. The school presented little Johnny with a beautiful boquet of wax flowers as a token of friendship, a token which the bereaved parents will cherish as long as life lasts. Poor little Johnny, how many there are who miss him. He is a sad loss to our little school, we will miss his sunny face and cheerful voice, we will miss his example for good; he was very attentive and made good progress in his studies, he was, indeed and in truth, a good boy. But there is one thing his teacher will miss more than anything else, it is his "Good-bye teacher." May God comfort his parents, and make us all realize "that in the midst of life we are in death."

"Forgive, blest shade, a tributary tear
That mourns thy exit from a world like this,
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here
And stayed thy progress to the seats of bliss."

N. E. D.

Morrisville Notes.

No longer is toll taken at the railroad bridge across the river on the Morrisville side, there being now but one gate keeper, Mr. Dippolt.

A few weeks since, during the absence of Mrs. Charles Gill, her two youngest children swallowed the contents of a bottle of laudanum. A physician was summoned, who administered an antidote.

On Saturday night last there was quite a large attendance at the Lyceum. Some very good music was given by a quartette of gentlemen from Trenton. Several other interesting entertainments caused the evening to pass away very pleasantly to those in attendance.

Meetings were held during the evenings of last week at the Presbyterian and M. E. Churches. There will also be services at the former church on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of this week. Ministers from Trenton are expected. Mr. Grady, from Trenton, came over to the Advent Church on Sunday afternoon last, expecting to perform the rite of baptism to some converts in the Delaware, but they failed to make their appearance.

On New Year's eve, a party of young men and women hired a conveyance to go down in the Manor. On their return, as they came to the railroad crossing in Morrisville, the driver did not notice an approaching train until the vehicle and cars almost collided, but by suddenly pulling the horses to one side the driver prevented what might have been a serious disaster. One young lady fainted from fright; and another one had spasms. They were taken to the house of Mr. R. W. Mull, and kindly cared for until morning.

☞ FEELS YOUNG AGAIN.—"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence, R. I.

☞ A large stock of clocks will be sold at very low prices for cash, at A. E. Baylies' Jeweler and Practical Watchmaker, Mill street, between Wood and Pond streets, Bristol, Pa.

☞ Dobbins' starch polish, which gives that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work is for sale in Bristol, at J. Wesley Wright's store. It costs but little to try it.

☞ The largest and best assortment of Wall papers, New York and Philadelphia styles, in Bristol, also a choice selection of window shades. Window shades made and hung from 75 cents to $1.50. W. GRACE, Cedar Street, between Walnut and Franklin Streets, Bristol, Pa.

☞ Some people have such a reverence for the truth that they always keep at a respectable distance from it; this is not the case with Neidt & Co's., Oleine Soap, when it is once used you will like it and use no other. Ask your grocer for it.

Philadelphia Markets.

FLOUR.—The prices of Flour are about the following:—Extra $3.50 to 4, extra family $4.50 to 5, and fancy brands $7.75 to 8. Rye Flour $2.75 to 2.87. Corn-meal $2.55 to 2.60. Bran, $14 to 14.50 per ton.

GRAIN.—Sales of red and amber wheat at $1.05½ to 1.07½, and white $1.07 to 1.08. Rye, 56 to 57c. Corn, 45 to 46c. Oats, mixed, 28 to 29c., good white 32c. and choice do. 33c.

SEEDS.—Clover 6 to 6½c. per lb. No sales of Timothy; Flax in demand at $1.37.

PROVISIONS.—Mess Pork $8.25 to 8.75 per bbl.; Bacon Hams 7½ to 9c. per pound. Sides 5 to 5½c., and Shoulders 5c. Lard, 5½ to 6½c. Dressed hogs, 3½ to 4c. Butter, creamery extra 25 to 28c., do. firsts 21 to 24c. State tubs, choice, 21 to 23c., do. firsts, 19 to 20c., Western extra, 19 to 20c., do. firsts, 17 to 19c. Cheese, New York factory, choice, 8½ to 9½c.; do. fair to good, 7½ to 8½c., do. fair to good, 8 to 8½c. Eggs strictly fresh, 28 to 29c.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Beef cattle were in fair demand this week, and prices were steady. 1700 head arrived and sold at 5½a5½c. for extra Pennsylvania and Western steers; 4½a5c. for fair to good do., and 3½a4c. per pound gross for common as to quality. Sheep were unchanged; 4000 head sold at 3a5½c. per pound, gross for common to choice. Hogs were dull; 4500 head sold at 4a5½c., per pound, for fair to choice.

Hay and Straw.

During the past week there were 278 loads of hay and 62 of straw weighed and sold at the Farmers' Market, at the following prices; Prime Timothy per 100 pounds, 65a75c; mixed, 45a60c Straw, 65a 75c.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall St., Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.
Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 1 Wall St., N. Y.

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS from the most reliable growers. Onion Sets, &c.
J. W. CORNELL & Co'S.,
Seed and Implement Warehouse,
25 North Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.
☞ Dealers in everything pertaining to the Farm and Garden

100. For Sale. 100.

I HAVE ONE HUNDRED BUSHELS of PRIME NEW TIMOTHY SEED for sale, which is hard to beat in quality. All kinds of grain taken in exchange for Seed, at the Newportville Mills, Bucks County, Pa.
ISAAC C. FETTER.

Miscellaneous.

CLOAKS.

Our success in filling the wants of those wanting an outside covering is not one of luck, but of study, constant inquiry and long experience in the making as well as selling these garments. No part of our house requires such untiring watchfulness, no kind of merchandise is so worthless when out of style, as a cloak—no department is more active in the season of selling.

The materials used this season are Diagonals, in various widths, Matelasse, Fur Back Beavers, Silk Matelasses and Plain Silks; also, a rough-faced material called Camel's Hair, which is new, but not very pleasing to the eye.

The articles used for Trimings are Velvet, Gros Grain, Grass Fringe, Fancy Gimps and Braids.

As to shapes, the new things are the Mantle order, but with a sleeve much more comfortable and yielding than garments of this character have had heretofore; the general effect, too, is more graceful and pleasing. The Sacque, though, retains its old popularity, and is bound to be the leader with the majority. In shape it differs very little from last season.

Having sizes ranging from 28 in. breast to 46 in. we can fit almost any one from our ready-made stock; the extra large sizes being constantly on hand, as well as those suitable for misses. Prices $5.00 and upward.

Children's Cloaks, from the smallest sizes up, have our best attention. They are made of Blue and Brown Beaver, Matelasse and Fancy Cloths, and cost from $4.00 upward.

SHAWLS.

The great variety of styles, materials, colors and weights wanted in a Shawl for different seasons and occasions, requires a most extensive stock to be able to suit even a majority of consumers. We are in condition now to suit more than a majority, having the greatest collection of staples, as well as novelties, in this line ever shown in Philadelphia—including even the rich fabrics of India, where years are often occupied in producing one shawl.

No department has received more personal attention than the Shawls, the buyer having visited Europe during the summer, and not only bought very largely of ready-made, but ordered made many styles which could not be procured otherwise. Those having a taste for the novel as well as beautiful in Shawls, should look through our collection.

Square Blanket Shawls		
Long Blanket Shawls	$2 50 to	$3 50
French Square Shawls	4 50 to	8 00
French Long Shawls		
Broche Square Shawls	8 00 to	15 00
Broche Long Shawls	5 00 to	25 00
	10 00 to	150 00

Imitation India Shawls. **Imitation Stripe Indias.**
English Beaver Shawls. **American Beaver Shawls.**
Himalayan Shawls.

Real India Shawls	$10 00 to	$750 00
Antique India Shawls	100 00 to	350 00

Open Centre Indias. **White Chudda Shawls.**
Black Chudda Shawls. **Scarlet Chudda Shawls.**
Blue Chudda Shawls.

Black Cashmere Shawls	$2 00 to	$7 50
Black Merino Shawls	4 00 to	25 00

Children's and Misses' Shawls. **Novelties in English Shawls.**
Novelties in French Shawls. **Novelties in American Shawls.**
Novelties in India Shawls. **Shetland Shawls, all colors.**
Friends' Bound Shawls. **Friends' Silk Shawls.**
Friends' Merino Shawls. **Friends' Beaver Shawls.**
Friends' Blanket Shawls.

COOPER & CONARD

MANUFACTURERS OF CLOAKS,

IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS OF

Shawls, Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Gloves, Woollens, Cottons, Linens, Ladies', Gents' and Children's Underwear, &c., &c.

South-East Corner Market & Ninth Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

GREAT REDUCTION

—IN PRICES—

AT J. H. BOSTWICK'S VARIETY STORE.

For three months I will sell a large portion of my stock at cost, and many things much below.

My object is to materially change my stock, many articles I shall cease to keep, and introduce more saleable goods. I want to sell off my

TWINE, BASKETS,

HAND TRUNKS,

CARPET BAGS,

BRACKETS,

TOWEL RACKS,

TABLE CUTLERY (very fine),

CHROMOS,

STEREOPTIC PICTURES,

BOOKS (except school).

Toys, and a thousand other things I can't mention. I mean just what I say, and now is your time to buy.

J. H. Bostwick.

Bristol, Jan. 15, 1879.

Notice.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the Commercial Insurance Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of business, will be held at its office, No. 44 Mill Street, on Thursday, January 30, 1879, at 2 o'clock P. M.
E. G. HARRISON, Secretary.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County.

BRISTOL, PA., First Mo. 14th, 1879.

AT an election for Directors, held this day, the following persons were duly elected for the ensuing year: Stacy Brown, Caleb N. Taylor, Anthony Swain, Pierson Mitchell, Edward Thomas, Charles Moon, Louis A. Hoguet, Isaac Comly, Ellwood Burton.

And at a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Caleb N. Taylor was unanimously re-elected President. C. T. IREDELL, Cashier.

Public Sale of Valuable Real Estate.

WILL be sold at Public Sale, on Saturday, the Twenty-Fifth of January, 1879, two frame houses, situate on Linden Street, in the borough of Bristol. Each house comprises five good sized rooms, with out-kitchen, and a well of never-failing water at the door. The lot upon which the above described houses are located, has a frontage upon said Linden Street of thirty-five feet, with a depth of one hundred and fifty feet. The houses will be sold separate or all together, to suit purchasers. If entire property is sold all together $700 will be allowed to remain upon the premises. Sale will take place on the premises at 2 o'clock P. M. sharp, when and where conditions will be made known by
JOHN C. STUCKERT,
Attorney in Fact for
GODFREY F. GARBER.
J. W. Closson, Auctioneer.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

NEW YORK DIVISION.

Trains to and from Bristol Station

For Philadelphia.

Kensington Depot, 7:08, 7:35, 8:24, 9:24 A. M. 12:26, 3:40, 5:56, and 7:21, P. M. West Phila. Depot, 6:25, 10:33 A. M., and 1:10, 3:09, 7:04, and 9:56 P. M. On Sundays, Kensington Depot, 12:26, and 5:27 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 7:04 and 9:56 P. M.

For New York.

At 1:16, 7:37, 9:13, and 11:43 A. M., 2:39, 6:19, and 7:44 P. M. Sunday trains 9:13 A. M., and 8:10 P. M.

For Trenton.

At 8:23, 9:13, 11:09, and 11:43 A. M., 2:39, 3:53, 4:48, 5:24, 6:12, 6:19, 7:05, 7:44, and 9:06 P. M. On Sundays, 9:13 9:53, A. M. and 2:53, 8:10, P. M.

☞ The 8.23, 11.09, 11.43, A. M., 2.53, 4.48, and 6.12 P. M. trains connect with Belvidero Division.

From Trenton.

At 6:40, 7:10, 8:00, 9:00, and 10:14 A. M., 12:00 M., 12:52, 2:50, 3:20, 5:30, 6:45 6:55, and 9:35 P. M. On Sundays, 12:00 noon, 5:00, 6:45, and 9:35 P. M.

From Philadelphia.

Leaves Kensington Depot, at 7:40, and 10:15 A. M. 2:10, 4:10, 4:40, 5:30, 6:15, and 8:20 P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 8:30 and 11:00 A. M., and 2:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M. and 12:00 night.

From New York.

At 7:25, 8:15, and 10:55 A. M., 12:55, 4:55, and 7:25 P. M.

From Philadelphia, Westward.

Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West, at 8.00, A. M., and 12.55 6.15, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 7.20, 9.10 A. M. 11.55, P. M., daily.

For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.55 and 11.55, P. M.

For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.20, A. M.

A Through Passenger Train, especially for parties moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12.05 A.M., daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.

For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.

F. THOMSON, Gen. Manager. L. P. FARMER, Gen. Pass. Agent
F. W. JACKSON, Gen. Supt. U. R. R. of N. J. Division.

60

Announcement.

WILLIAM LOUDERBOUGH is a candidate for Constable of the Third Ward, and for High Constable of Bristol Borough, subject to Republican Rules.

For Rent.

SEVERAL small stone houses on Lafayette Street, and one ten-room house on Derrance Street. JOSHUA PEIRCE.

For Sale.

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TO THE WILD ROSE.

BY MARY BARTOL.

Whisper, thou soft cups of the fields,
Blushing on briery stem,—
What veined thy velvet cheek,
And set thy diadem?
What silent forces formed the cell,
That hides thy fragrant breath?
What wove thee,—what perfumed?
And what ordained thy death?

"O, questioner, hear my reply,
Which tells thee that the light
Of sunbeams silently,
With secret dews of night,
Have touched my tissue and my tint,—
That winds have danced through woods,
And brought to me the spice
Of darkest solitudes."
But thrifty rose, how dost thou keep
The beams which color thee?
How wrap the scented wind
In thy heart's secrecy?
"I catch, I quaff the ruddy rays,
And when the breezes blow,
I kiss and keep them all,
Because I love them so."

But, waning rose, thy petals fade,
They fall from off thy crown;
Thy pungent breath expires,
Thy stem puts on its brown!
"O doubting mortal, other forms
Inhale my fragrant sigh;
To share these lies again,—
Transform the words to die!"

NERVES OF THE HEAD.

There are two nerves, known as the fifth pair, which are distributed to the skin of the head and to the mucous membrane of the eyes, nose and mouth. These nerves are closely connected with the heart and vessels, and by stimulating their branches the circulation may be greatly influenced, as in the case of fainting. It is a curious fact that people of all nations are accustomed, when in any difficulty, to stimulate one or another branch of the fifth nerve, and quicken their mental processes. Thus some persons, when puzzled, scratch their heads; others rub their foreheads, and others stroke or pull their beards, thus stimulating the occipital, frontal or mental branches of those nerves. Many Germans, when thinking, have a habit of striking their fingers against their noses, and thus stimulating the nasal cutaneous branches; while in this country some people stimulate the branches distributed to the mucous membrane of the nose by taking snuff. The late Lord Derby, when translating "Homer," was accustomed to eat brandied cherries. One man will eat figs while composing a leading article; another will suck chocolate cremes others will smoke clarettes, and others sip brandy and water. By these means they stimulate the lingual and buccal branches of the fifth nerve and thus reflexly excite their brains. Alcohol appears to excite the circulation through the brain reflexly from the mouth, and to stimulate the heart reflexly from the stomach, even before it is absorbed into the blood. Shortly after it has been swallowed, however, it is absorbed from the stomach, and passes with the blood to the heart, to the brain and to the other parts of the nervous system, upon which it then begins to act directly. Under its influence the heart beats more quickly, the blood circulates more freely, and thus the functional power of the various organs in the body is increased so that the brain may think more rapidly, the muscles act more powerful and the stomach digests more easily. But with this exception the effect of alcohol upon the nervous system may be described as one of progressive paralysis. The higher centers suffer first, and the judgment is probably the first quality to be impaired. One of the most esteemed novelists of the present day informs me that, although he can take a great deal of wine without its having any apparent effect on him, yet a single glass of sherry is enough to take the fine edge off his intellect. He is able to write easily and fluently in the evening, after taking dinner and drinking wine; but what he then writes will not bear his own criticism next morning, although, curiously enough, it may seem to him excellent at the time of writing. As the effect of alcohol progresses, judgment becomes still further impaired, although the other faculties of the mind may remain, not only undiminished by the direct action of the alcohol upon the brain, but greatly increased by general excitement of the circulation. The imagination may thus be more vivid than usual, and the emotions more lively, and both, being more or less liberated from the control of the judgment, manifest themselves in sparkling wit or withering invective. Sheridan is said to have delivered his greatest speech under the influence of two bottles of champagne, which he swallowed at a single draught; and persons of overcautious temperament, and too reserved manners, the removal of the excessive restraint under which they habitually act renders them, for the time, more sociable and agreeable. By and by, however, the other parts of the nervous system are successively weakened, the tongue stammers, the vision becomes double, the legs fail and the man falls insensible. It is evident, then that only the first stages of alcoholic action are at all beneficial, the later stages being as clearly injurious.

AUTHORITY OF PARENTS OVER THEIR CHILDREN'S SCHOOL STUDIES.—In the case of Trustees of Schools against Van Allen, the question as to what right a parent has to direct the studies pursued by his child who attends a public school is considered. It is held that the trustees of a school district may perscribe what studies shall be pursued, and may regulate the classification of the pupils, but that a parent may select from the branches pursued those which the child shall study, so long as the exercise of such selection does not interfere with the system perscribed for the school, and that the child cannot be excluded from one study simply because he is deficient in another. In this case the pupil was denied admission to a public high school because of his deficiency in a knowledge of grammar, which his father had forbidden him to study. He had asked to be admitted to pursue only those studies in which he was sufficiently proficient to entitle him to admission to the high school. The Court held that a rule requiring his exclusion was unreasonable and could not be enforced. In Morrow against Wood, in Wisconsin, a father directed his child, who attended a public school, to study only certain branches among those taught in the school. The teacher, with notice of such direction, required the child to study other subjects, and upon his refusal to do so whipped him. This was held to be an unlawful assault. In Ruleson against Post, in Illinois, a girl 16 years of age, was in attendance upon a public school, to the benefit of which she was entitled, and was in a class which, by the course of study prescribed by the directors of the school, was required to study book-keeping. Under the direction of her parents she refused to pursue the study, and for that reason was, by the teacher, acting under the order of the directors, forcibly expelled from the school. The Court held that the directors and teacher were all liable in an action of trespass, the directors having no power to prescribe such a rule or to authorize the teacher to enforce it.—*Albany (N. Y.) Law Journal.*

Lida Smith, a Louisville lass, has had during the past year no higher aspiration than chewing-gum, and the mobility of the lower section of her countenance has increased from week to week. On Saturday week she was very thirsty, and went to the kitchen to get a drink of cold water; and when she returned her jaws were moving rapidly. Her mother told her to throw the chewing-gum away. The girl pointed to the mantel-piece where she had laid her mouthful of wax before going into the kitchen. There was nothing in her mouth, and yet her jaws were moving rapidly. Her mother teased, implored, commanded the child to keep her face straight, and still the jaws were moving rapidly. A physician came and put a tight bandage over the child's mouth, but excitement increased the action of the jaws and the nervous twitching extended to the upper part of her face. A dose of morphine was administered, but through the night the jaws were moving rapidly. It was not until dawn that the muscular disturbance ceased. The physician said that it was a case of spasmodic action of the facial muscles caused by overaction.

A subject that might be called "The Kiss of Death" has been suggested by Lord Beaconsfield to the painters and sculptors. Before moving in the House of Lords that "an humble address be presented to her Majesty to express the deep concern of this House at the great loss which her Majesty has sustained by the death of her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess Alice of Great Britain and Ireland, second daughter of her Majesty the Queen, and to condole with her on this melancholy occasion," the noble Earl made, as, in the circumstances, might have been expected from a master of the English language, a really touching speech on the Princess who "afforded one of the most striking contrasts that I can remember of richness of culture combined with the most pure and refined domestic sentiments." "My lords," he continued, "there is something wonderfully piteous in the immediate cause of her death. The physicians who permitted her to watch over her suffering family enjoined her under no circumstances whatever to be tempted into an embrace. Her admirable self-restraint guarded her through the crisis of this terrible complaint in safety. She remembered and observed the injunctions of her physicians. But it became her lot to break to her son, quite a youth, the death of his youngest sister, to whom he was devotedly attached. The boy was so overcome with misery that the agitated mother clasped him in her arms—and thus received the kiss of death. My lords, I hardly know an incident more pathetic. It is one by which poets might be inspired, and in which the professors of the fine arts, from the highest to the lowest branches, whether in painting sculpture or gems, might find a fitting subject of commemoration." A suggestion so apposite to the artistic sense, so distinguished in its source, and so royal in its surroundings is not likely to die of inanition either in England or on the Continent. It would scarcely be rash to predict that both at the next Salon in Paris and the next Academy exhibition in London there will be accepted and hung at least several pictures entitled "The Kiss of Death."

AMERICAN PRODUCTS IN ENGLAND.—One is very much struck by the variety of American articles offered for sale here. I can remember, when abroad a few years ago the longing I had for only one genuine American apple. After the season for English pears was past I asked my fruit man, with many misgivings, if he had any good apples. Yes; he had fine apples. Would I prefer Baldwins, peach-flavored Newtown pippins, russets, or greenings?—all just arrived from America. And I found what he said was true, and that I could have in as good condition, with a very small increase in expense, as good apples on my table as if at home. About the same time my fishmonger astonished me by asking me if I would like some Blue Points. And these I have found of as small size and fine fresh flavor as if served at Delmonico's, and not as high in price. Even at the smaller grocer shops one sees canned fruits, vegetables and meats all from America. Many such articles are recommended because American. I had white cotton cloth shown me the other day in a small shop on which was the stamp of a mill in Rhode Island. This increase in the sale of American articles is regarded with great jealousy by many of the English and they have entirely gotten over regarding us as a half civilized nation.—*London Letter to the Springfield Republican.*

A NATURAL MISTAKE.—Not long ago a Milford man came to this city, bent upon having a good time. He had it, according to his understanding of the term, and when the shades of night had fallen he started for home, in a condition which did not promise a rapid trip. He manifested a desire to become acquainted with all parts of the road; and over portions of it, here and there, he lingered lovingly, but for what reason other people could not see. Some of the night had passed when he reached the vicinity of the rolling-mill in Fair Haven. In an enjoyable stupor he stumbled in, and took lodgings on the ground. Soon the workmen discovered him, and they dragged him in, where the molten iron glared at the walls and roof, the bright sparks were flying all around, the laborers seemed in the alternation of horrible shadows and lurid flame like inhabitants of a little pandemonium. The scene might naturally remind one of stories of the abode of the damned. They shook the man from Milford until his eyelids rose and revealed to him the interior of the mill in all its impressiveness. "Who are you, and where do you come from?" said the workmen. The frightened reveller stared about him as he replied, "Well, when I was on earth I lived in Milford."—*New Haven Palladium.*

POVERTY AND SUFFERING.—"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did them no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us has seen a sick day since and I want you to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it. A Workingman."

Bristol.

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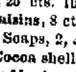

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We know there are a great many people yet wanting Sewing Machines, and there are a great many old machines that ought to be exchanged for new ones, and to those wanting machines we would say cast aside your prejudice in favor of this or that machine, and come and see the light running, easy threading, no trouble, substantial, handsome Weed. Sold cheap on easy terms. Old machines taken in exchange for new ones Old machines for sale cheap.

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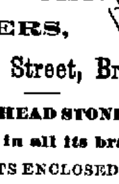

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Notice to the Public.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership lately existing between J. H. Bostwick and Annie Brodnax, of Bristol borough, Pa, under the firm of J. H Bostwick & Co, was dissolved by mutual consent, on the 7th day of January 1879. All debts due said firm will be paid to J. H Bostwick, who will continue the business at the old stand, cor. Mill and Pond street.

Those indebted to said firm will please pay up as quickly as possible, in order to close the books.

J. H. BOSTWICK,
ANNIE BRODNAX.

Bristol, Jan. 7, 1879.

Notice.

BRISTOL, PA., JAN. 6, 1879.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the shareholders of the BRISTOL IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, for the election of officers and directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the Company, in the Livingston Mills, Bristol, Penna., on Tuesday, January 21st, 1879, at 3 o'clock P. M.

CHAS. E. SCHEIDE, Sec'y.

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To a young man who is a thoroughly practical farmer, not afraid of work, and with good habits, and unquestioned integrity, a very desirable opportunity will be offered to rent or purchase a fine farm in Iowa, having a hundred acres now under cultivation, and located within two and a half miles of one of the best towns in the State.

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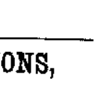

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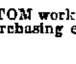

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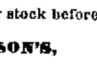

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And in fact, everything in the Grocery Line.

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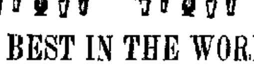

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OAK—Cut and Split, ready for use, $2.00 per cart load

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